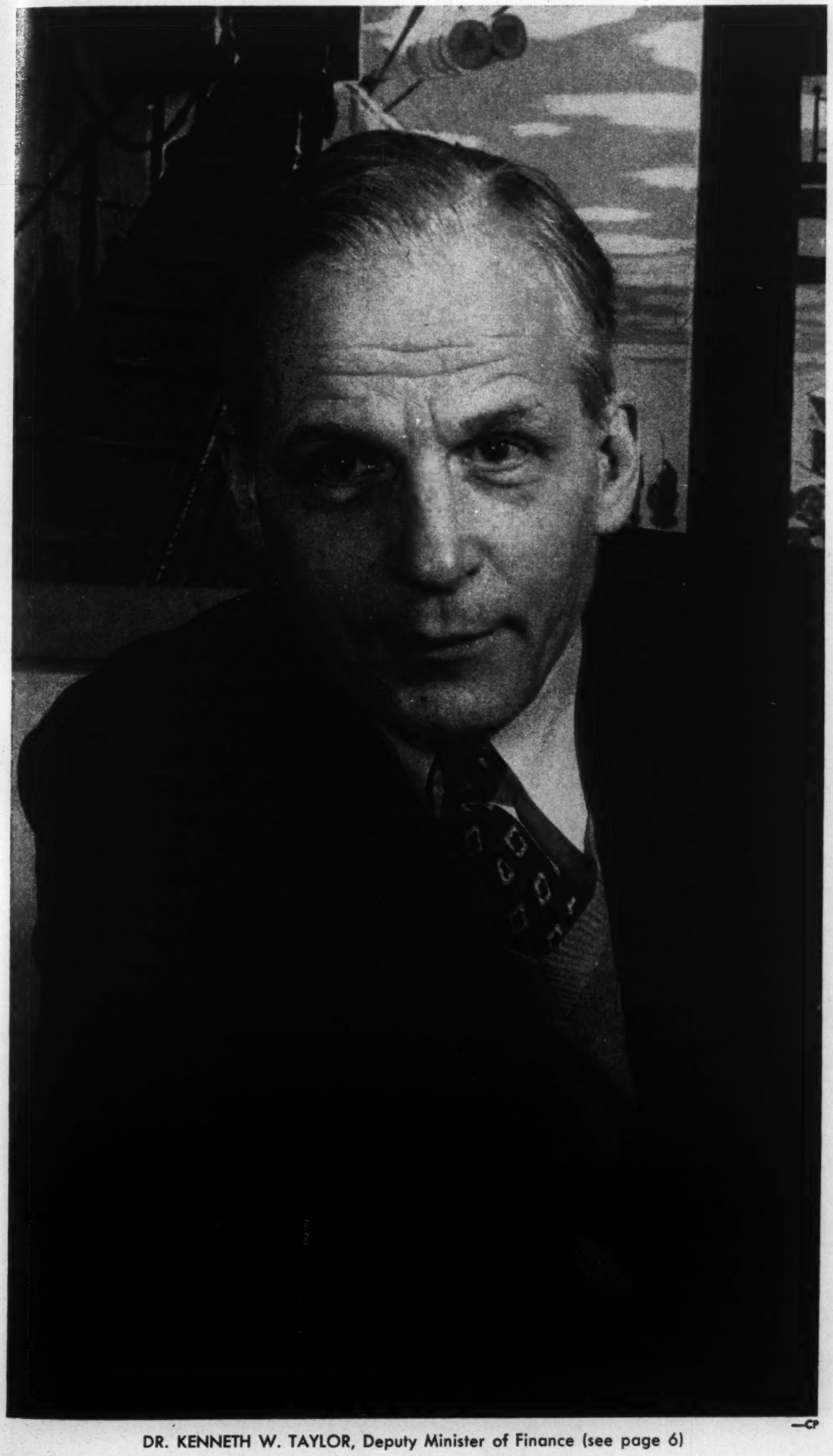
SATURDAY NIGHT

FEBRUARY 28, 1953 10 CENTS



—CP

DR. KENNETH W. TAYLOR, Deputy Minister of Finance (see page 6)

COMICS AND CULTURE

by Marshall McLuhan

SOMEBODY must have quipped long ago, "Let me make the people's comics and I care not who writes their songs." In the one-day world of the newspapers, the comics are time-binders, making possible a continuity of experience which is not to be found in the day-by-day news itself.

The news is assembled each day from the world of space. In respect to time, continuity, and memory, the newspaper hasn't the capacities of a low-grade idiot, but in its breadth of geographic perception the press has the apprehension of a god. Local items jostle others from Iran, California, Korea, Tibet, and Italy. Yet all that holds these diverse items in focus is the date line which in effect proclaims: "This is the world in cross-section for today."

The newspaper is a highly specialized and collective art-form brought into existence by instantaneous telegraphic and radio abridgement of space. Nobody has yet written the story of how far telegraph and radio may in turn have been fostered by the format and public of the newspapers; or how much the photo has diminished the power of the word; or what the effect has been of pictorial advertising on painting and poetry.

At any rate, it is well known that the comic strips were great circulation builders from their start with *The Yellow Kid* in 1897. At first using the traditional single frame or scene, the comic cartoon became a strip, or series of related scenes, with Outcault's *Yellow Kid* suggesting that the same general situation favored the development of movies and comic strips at about the same period.

PERHAPS the main reason why many cultivated people cannot take either the strips or movies seriously as culture lies in the fact that culture has during the past four hundred years been, for the most part, book-culture. But four hundred years ago cultivated people were viewing printed books with alarm and scorn. Commercial printers had begun to exploit the vernacular tongues as offering a wider market than that afforded by international Latin. And culture and the vernaculars were throughout the sixteenth century thought to be hostile areas. Printing fostered nationalism, and the new book-culture changed the shape and procedure of existing schools and colleges.

Moreover, printing proved to be a great setback for the visual and plastic arts, forcing these to appeal to aristocratic patrons only, and creating generally a vacuum for the public in the visual arts. So that in our own time technology has restored pictorial communication to a public which is completely untrained in pictorial discrimination. Pictures have returned but popular taste lags behind technology.

Our general situation today seems to be one of radical shift from book-culture to communication by picture and mechanized speech (radio). Even a

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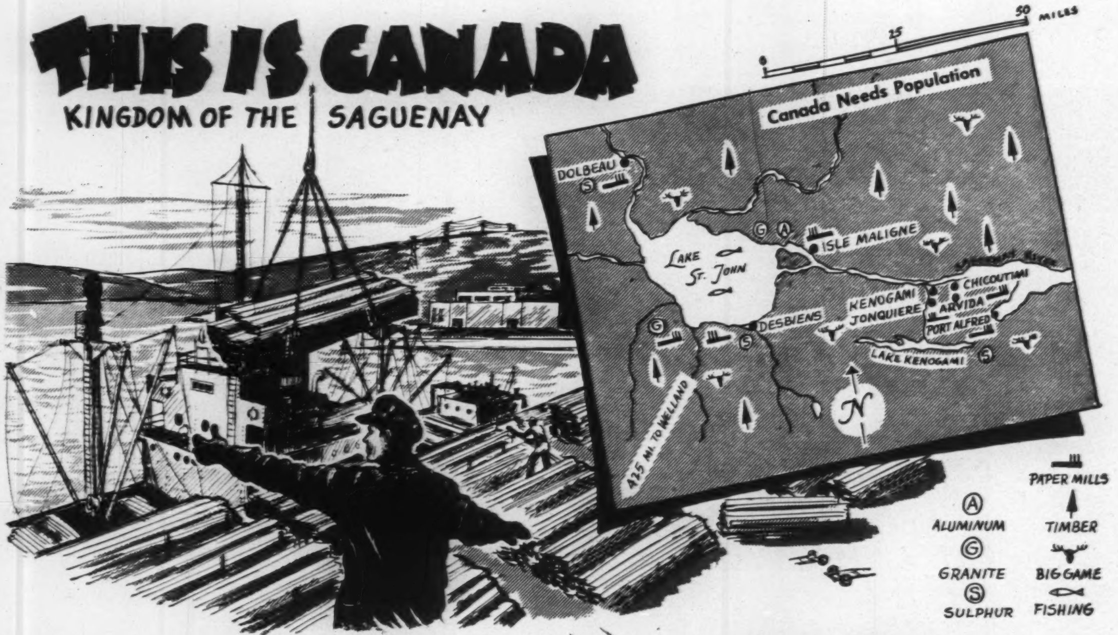
THIS IS CANADA

KINGDOM OF THE SAGUENAY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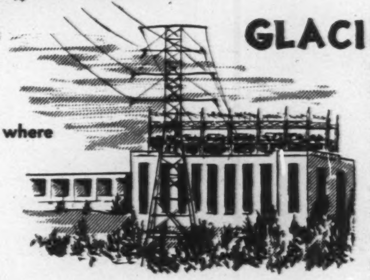
25
50 MILES
Canada Needs Population
DOLBEAU
ISLE MALIGNE
LAKE ST. JOHN
SAGUENAY RIVER
DESBIENS
KENOGAMI
JONQUIERE
CHICOUTIMI
ARVIDA
PORT ALFRED
LAKE KENOGAMI
N
425 MI. TO WELLAND
PAPER MILLS
Ⓐ ALUMINUM
TIMBER
Ⓖ GRANITE
BIG GAME
Ⓢ SULPHUR
FISHING

Canadians know the Saguenay best for its towering fjords and Lake St. John as the setting for Louis Hemon's great novel, MARIE CHAPDELAINE. Actually together they form one of our fastest developing frontiers, an industrial empire built on timber, aluminum and agriculture where 200,000 people now live, work and play.



GLACIERS IN THE ICE AGE scooped out the lake and fjords. Modern man has harnessed turbulent streams to produce 2,150,000 horsepower and provide extraordinarily cheap electric power. A score of new cities and towns stand where early explorers sought the mythical kingdom of Donnacona.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 68 No. 21 Whole No. 3121

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The outstanding philosopher of our time, Bertrand Russell writes his first article for Saturday Night. In "Education's Place in a New Age", he explores a difficult world in which scientists provide men with new wonders but cannot provide men with the wisdom to use the new tools and weapons for the greatest benefit to all . . . Associate Editor Hugh Garner takes an author's view of the book critics in "The Book Critics—A Critical Glimpse" . . . Foreign Editor Willson Woodside in "Selling the Same Horse Twice" discusses foreign policy being worked out by the new administration in Washington . . . W. P. Snead, Financial Editor, gives a timely analysis of the base metal situation and discusses price trends in lead and zinc, and the probable course of copper prices when they are free from U.S. controls . . . R. H. Davis, President of Atlas Steels of Welland, is the subject of a personality sketch by John Wilcock [illegible]. A special financial report "The Bond Markets" by J. Ross Oborne, who points out the divergence between Canadian and American bond yields, will be a new monthly feature . . . Investor's problems on securities will continue to be covered in Gold & Dross . . . The Women's section will include an exuberant profile on Winnipeg's Lady Tupper by Frank Morriss of the *Winnipeg Free Press* . . . Another new feature will be an article taking readers on a trip back into the past in "55 Years Ago in Saturday Night".

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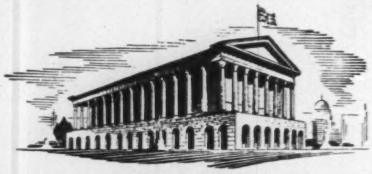

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OTTAWA LETTER

Sacred Mystery No Longer

by John A. Stevenson

PARLIAMENT has provided evidence of the refreshing and profitable change in its approach to international problems and Canada's foreign policy since Mr. Pearson assumed direction of it. In the regimes of Mr. King and Lord Bennett, international affairs were habitually treated as sacred mysteries, which only Prime Ministers and a few trusted officials like the late Dr. Skelton, a man of great ability but notorious for his secretiveness, could possibly understand.

Year after year the estimates of the Department of External Affairs were held back until the dying days of the session, when the Prime Minister, who in those days always kept this department in his own hands, would make a rambling statement about the international situation and touch lightly and very cautiously upon a few of its outstanding problems. Then an odd member like the late Mr. Woodsworth or the late Mr. Henri Bourassa, who had an informed knowledge of international problems and a genuine interest in them, would offer some comments and criticisms and to the unfeigned relief of the Prime Minister the debate would collapse, because nobody else felt qualified to discuss such mysterious subjects.

If during this discussion or at some other time, Mr. Woodsworth, as he frequently did, asked for enlightenment about the Government's attitude toward some international crisis which had arisen, he was invariably treated as a pestilential troublemaker and solemnly told that the Government must keep its own counsel, because any pronouncement of its views might well aggravate an already perilous situation.

THIS imitation of the ostrich was farcical and grossly unfair to the Canadian people and, as a result, they and their Parliament, apart from the information to be gleaned from the press, were kept in blinkers about the foreign policy of their Governments and the imminence of the second bloodbath into which they were suddenly plunged in 1939.

But Mr. Pearson, to his credit, recognizes that, since the issues of war and peace and therefore of life and death are involved in foreign policy, it is the duty of a Government to keep its people informed about developments in the international situation and their implications, so that public opinion can exercise an intelligent influence upon this policy. Accordingly he has formed the praiseworthy habit of educating the Canadian public about international realities at intervals in public speeches and of making in the House of Commons reasoned expositions of his Government's views and policies in regard to current problems and encouraging frank discussions of both.

The debate which he initiated by a statement on February 11, has seen upward of 15 members making useful contributions to it in speeches of varying quality and viewpoint. But perhaps the most novel and interesting feature of the debate was the ability of so many members to offer firsthand testimony about conditions in far-off countries and the views and aspirations of their leaders.

THERE are few more conscientious members of the House of Commons than Mr. Joseph Bradette, who has sat as a Liberal member for Cochrane since 1926. After his success as a pioneer merchant in that town enabled him to enter Parliament, he set himself to remedy the deficiencies of his early education by laborious self-study so successfully that after he was 40 he took, by extra-mural work, a degree at Ottawa University. An assiduous reader of good books and periodicals, he developed a special interest in international affairs, with the result that, when a special committee of the Commons for external affairs was established, he was chosen as its first chairman and in this role continues to do excellent work. As the lone Christian in a delegation, whose other 36 members were Jews, he visited Israel last summer and was able to give the House an interesting account of conditions in that country and in Egypt.

Another French-Canadian Liberal, Mr. Picard, had found the atmosphere of the Near and Middle East so congenial that he had explored practically all this territory, in which he had discovered widespread antipathy to Communism, but little love for Great Britain, the United States or France. Then Mr. Fleming contributed firsthand impressions of Germany and France and Mr. Adamson recounted some of his experiences in countries beyond the Iron Curtain. So the debate had great educational value for the whole House.

IN HIS review of the international situation, Mr. Pearson covered a wide range and was cautiously optimistic about the outlook. While he did not enlarge upon his earlier observations about the change in American policy in regard to Formosa, he re-emphasized that the guiding principle of Canadian policy about Korea was to do everything possible to limit hostilities to the Korean peninsula and to take advantage of any opportunity for an early settlement of these hostilities by peaceful negotiation.

Among the parties in opposition, only the CCF was critical of President Eisenhower's pronouncement and both Mr. MacInnis and Mr.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

EDITORIALS

Conservation Means More Than Few Dams

BECAUSE MAN has made a hash of nature's system of checks and balances, he finds he must go to a lot of trouble, from time to time, to straighten out his mishandling of the resources given him by nature; but he seems to go about it the hard way, making the same mistakes and trying the same remedies again and again. He plunders the resources then works frantically to restore them or find a substitute, and all the while time is working against him because his family gets bigger and bigger while the earth that supports him stays the same or becomes, if anything, poorer.

In little more than a century, we in Canada have done a rare job of plundering. We have been on a spree, and the pain of sobering up really has not hit us yet—just the occasional twinge, which we get over by gulping a dose of something we call conservation. But after a while we may see that this matter of conservation is not a headache powder but a recipe for sober living; and it will prevent a lot of anguish if we see this before the hangover gets too rough.

Canadians have been given a couple of small doses of conservation in recent weeks; there has been the fuss about the report of a Royal Commission which looked into the proposal to irrigate a large part of the dry area of Saskatchewan with water obtained from the South Saskatchewan River, and Resources Minister Winters drafted a bill to authorize Federal help for the building of dams for flood control. Naturally, there has been a lot of comment on these things, including some interesting passages between Mr. Winters, who wanted to talk only about flood control, and Saskatchewan members who wanted to talk about irrigation. But in all this talk, no one seemed interested in discussing the water which would fill the dams or make the dry land blossom.

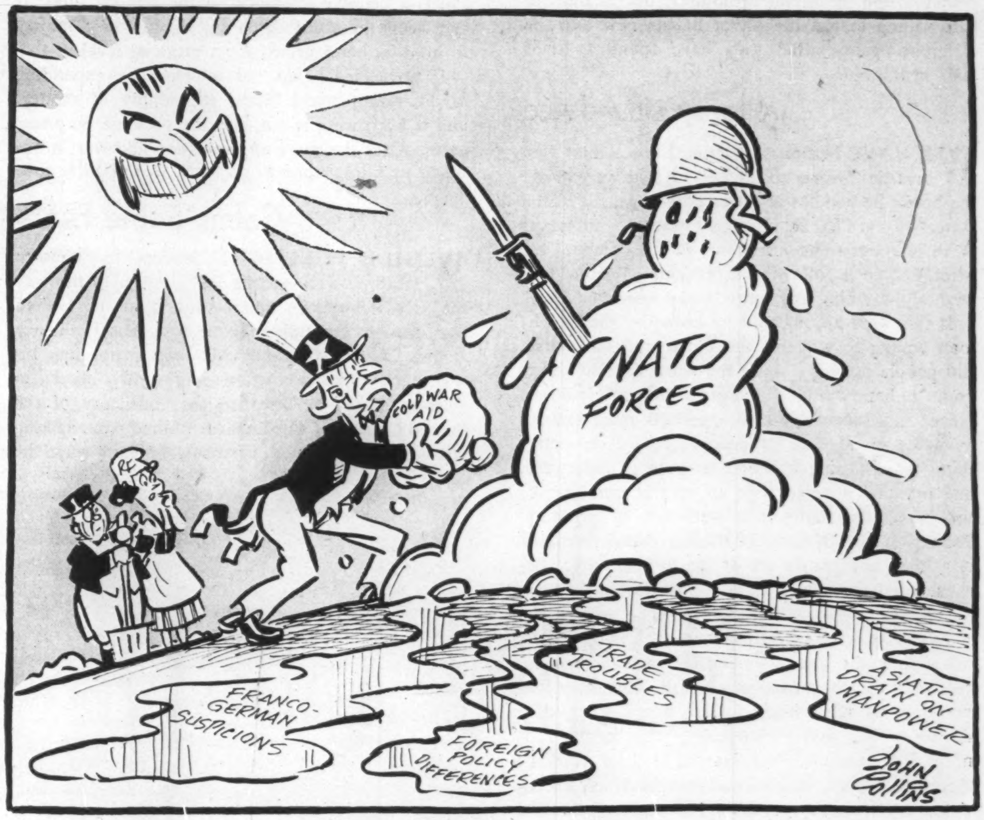
If water is taken from a river to irrigate land, some of it may find its way back to the river, but a very large part of it goes into the soil and is sucked up by the things which grow in the soil. One corn plant, for example, will take 36 gallons of water from the earth. It is obvious, then, that the building of an irrigation dam, whatever else it may do, does not conserve water, but uses it; the river shrinks for that use, and the dam exercises a control which affects all the people who live and all the things that grow along the river below it. The control may be good or bad, but this cannot be decided until the life of the whole river has been studied.

Building a dam for flood control is another matter, but still it is not conservation of water. It is not even effective flood control, because the best a dam can do is to store water which it releases gradually until it is full and cannot hold any more. It may slow up the crest of a flood, but that is about all. We know this, so we build more dams and straighten river channels to help the water on its way. But we do all this to conserve not so much the land over which the water flows but the properties of those who build their homes and factories in places which are likely to be flooded.

The earth gets its fresh water only from the clouds, as rain or snow. If we use it faster than the clouds can supply it, we must get it from some other source, and more and more cities are finding out how expensive this can be. If we use a great deal in one place, we may go short in another; and if we rush it away in the spring, we will not have it in the summer.

It would not be too difficult a problem if water could be considered as something separate from our other great natural resource, the earth; but earth and water cannot be separated. When water flows over bare ground it takes the soil with it—the topsoil which holds and feeds the growing things we need for life—and drops it as silt at the mouths of rivers, where it spreads over the feeding grounds of fish. Thus it robs the farmer of fruitful land and the fisherman of good catches.

Before we started messing with the system, nature used floods to cleanse the river courses, but she had made proper preparation. The roots of trees and grasses held the soil in place and there were swamps to hold back some of the water until it was needed. Our problem now is to try to put the system back into shape, and building dams is only a small part of the job if we are to conserve both the soil and the water.



The Melting Snowman

Bad Distinction

ONE OF the oddities of our legal system is the distinction it makes between rich and poor by permitting optional sentences for a great variety of offences. After being found guilty, a man often has the choice of paying a fine or going to jail. If he has the money, he pays the fine and goes his way; if he is without funds, he becomes a prisoner.

It is a hangover from the days when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor; it does not recognize that the poor man may be much less able to afford the time in jail than the wealthier person.

The Canadian Welfare Council has suggested that the Criminal Code be changed to remove the inequality, and the provision be made for payment of fines in instalments. There may be other ways of doing it, but there is no doubt that a change must be made.

Good Luck to Joe

WE DON'T know if Chief Joe Mathias has carried out his threat to set up a teepee "right on Marine Drive" in Vancouver, but if he hasn't, we hope he will keep the idea in mind, because it is the sort of gesture which is badly needed in times which are drab with mass-produced conformity. It does not greatly matter if the Chief's belief that the Lions Gate Bridge really belongs to the Indians is sound or not; what makes him interesting as a person is his proposal to translate his belief into some action more positive than grumbling across a dinner table or writing a letter to a Member of Parliament.

"I'll build a fire there," he told the *Vancouver Sun*, "do my cooking and the traffic will flow past on either side of me. From my teepee headquarters I shall pass out leaflets telling all about the big steal."

If there were many more people like Joe Mathias (who once declared war on Texas because that state would not buy his totem poles), we might not get so much done in our offices or factories or fields as we do now, but we would have a lot more fun doing it. And because it was fun, we would be more tolerant of the other fellow's odd opinions and actions. Good humor opens men's hearts and broadens their minds and makes it easier for them to live together as civilized humans should—not as people afraid to offend orthodoxy, but as individuals willing to test the flavor of the new and the different against what they have found to their taste in the old.

Plenty of Advice

WE HAVE before us a letter from a man who says he "wishes to advise" us that we can get the books he peddles at lower cost if we fill in the "attached card". He does not want to advise us at all, of course; he just wants to tell us about his offer, but he is following a fashion. No one tells anybody anything any more, but always "advises."

If this were all, it could be borne by the patient man willing to wait for the fad to run its course. But people not only abuse the word "advise"; they go on to hand out advice in great indigestible doses. Never in history has there been so much advice available to all sorts of people—advice on everything from raising children to buying underwear, and most of it given with an earnest omniscience that would be funny if it were not so irritating. Possibly it is a by-product of the bewilderment of our times, and people are driven to give advice because what they really want is a little sound advice themselves.

Everyone is the target for these volleys of advice, but among the greatest sufferers are businessmen. Not only are they told how to run their concerns but how to spend their leisure hours when they decide to quit and let somebody else do the running. For example, Prof. Harold Hall, of Harvard Business School, interviewed hundreds of executives, psychiatrists, psychologists and so on, and then wrote a book, "Some Observations on Executive Retirement," in which he gives big chunks of advice: plan an active life, include some activity that puts you under some pressure and tension, start your new activity promptly upon retirement. In other words, get busy, get cracking, tote that bale. Somebody is going to come up with another bit of advice one of these days: don't quit.

Bonds and Interest

AT LUNCH a few days ago we listened to a man complain bitterly about not being able to sell his government bonds for a hundred cents on the dollar (he admitted he would get the full amount if he held them until they matured) and then speak glowingly of the free market system. Apparently it did not occur to him that the Federal Government, for some time has been moving toward a free market in money and foreign exchange and that his bonds were down in price because they were not getting any artificial support from a policy of easy borrowing.

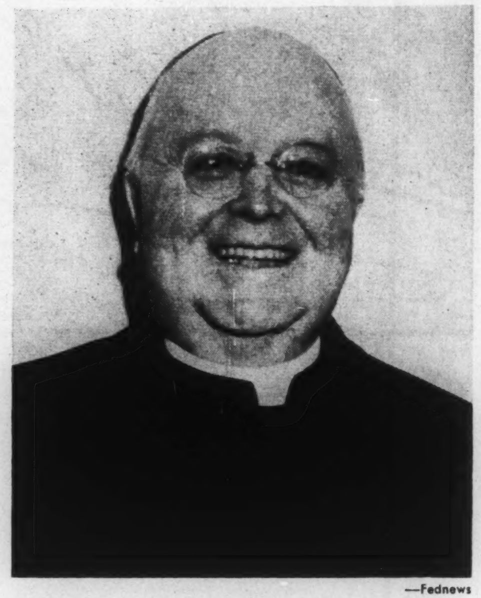
Canada has been among the leaders in the western world in the effort to manage money in a more realistic way. Our example has been followed by the United States and now by several European countries. One of the first things done by the Conservatives in Britain was to jack up interest rates to discourage heedless borrowing with its "easy money" philosophy. France, Belgium, Holland and Sweden now have done the same.

For many months commercial banks in the United States had been borrowing heavily from the Federal Reserve system, expanding their own loans and the money supply. Not long ago the Federal Reserve raised its interest rate to discourage this borrowing. The idea is to cut down loans and reduce the money supply in the form of credit. The Bank of Canada does not have anything like the direct control of the Federal Reserve over private banks, but depends more on the willingness of the banks to help in controlling credit. However, the borrowing policy of the Government itself exerts a decisive influence on the interest rates. It can keep the rates down by using public money to hold its bond prices at an artificial level.

If governments do not interfere by expanding credit, rising prices lessen the supply of money, and if borrowing is not easy the pressure on prices eases. After the years of depression and war, it has taken us a long time to get back to recognize this.

Calms Some Fears

WHILE POLITICAL leaders in Western Europe were getting the jitters over the way the new Republican administration in the United States might stir things up in Asia, His Eminence James Charles Cardinal McGuigan was on his way back to Canada after spending five weeks in Europe, where he attended the consistory of the Sacred College of Cardinals in Rome. After talking with "many informed persons", he said when he arrived in Toronto, it was his belief that the danger of another global war was less now than it had been for some time.



—Fednews

JAMES CHARLES CARDINAL McGUIGAN

Many people, worried by newspaper headlines which had Britain and the United States just about ready to stop talking to each other, must have felt a little happier after reading what Cardinal McGuigan had to say. He has a knack for this sort of thing—giving people more self-assurance, bringing them back from the fears of the moment to matters of lasting concern. His appearance helps what he has to say; he has a kindly, calm face with wise, sharp eyes, and a solid five-foot ten-inch body.

He knows his Canada well, having been born at Hunter River, PEI, 59 years ago, and served his church in the West, where he was Archbishop of Regina for five years. He left Regina to become Archbishop of Toronto in 1935, and was made a Cardinal in 1946. Perhaps he was thinking of the unifying forces at work in Canada, where so many different races and religions come together, when he told reporters after his European trip, "Long patience, great diplomacy and definite energetic actions are required to achieve unity," and it was this unity which was the essential ingredient for a better western world.

Those who rush to take sides in transatlantic disputes between allies might well consider the Cardinal's opinion that much criticism is born of misunderstanding between the Old World and the New. There is a sad lack of a common historical and cultural meeting ground between many of the nations in the North Atlantic alliance, and a worthy effort for critics would be the staking out of a wider space for understanding.

Behind the Budget

THE JOB of a deputy minister is something like that of a ghost writer, who digs up facts and ideas and writes the speeches which will be given by somebody else. The deputy works in the background, directing the efforts of a great many subordinates and assembling and sorting the vast amount of information which must reach the desk of the minister in coherent form. He is the man behind the minister. It is the latter who must bear the responsibility to Parliament and the people, but the way in which he does his job depends a lot on the ability of his deputy.

Dr. Kenneth W. Taylor has been a deputy minister for only a short time, but there is no doubt he had a great deal to do with the budget which Finance Minister Abbott brought down a few days ago. The man behind the budgets for many years had been Dr. Clifford Clark. After Dr. Clark died suddenly, Kenneth Taylor, who had been assistant, became Deputy Minister of Finance at year's end.

He was born 53 years ago in a remote Chinese settlement, the son of a Canadian missionary couple. He went to the China Inland Mission schools at Chefoo, and among his fellow students were Henry Luce, the publisher, and Thornton Wilder. Money was scarce in the family, and when he was 16 he came to Canada to make his way. One of his first jobs was on a farm, where his day started with the milking of about a dozen cows. Later he joined the Canadian Army and served overseas as a gunner. His army money he used to help pay for his education at McMaster University after the war ended. He graduated in 1921, won a scholarship and got his M.A. at the University of Chicago the following year.

For three years he studied economic problems in Britain and the United States, then from 1925 to 1939 taught political economy at McMaster. He did several jobs for the Government during this period, among other things serving as special adviser to the Canadian delegation at the Imperial Economic Conference of 1932, economic adviser to the Royal Commission on Anthracite and member of the Canadian delegation to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference in 1938.

His career as a civil servant started with the Second World War, when he was appointed secretary to the newly-organized Prices Board. Four years later he was Food Administrator and in 1944 became deputy chairman of the Prices Board. When Donald Gordon stepped out in 1947, he became chairman; and it was then he finally decided to stay in Government service instead of returning to a quieter and probably easier life on some campus.

Personal

WITH NEXT week's issue, SATURDAY NIGHT will appear in a new dress which we think is in keeping with the character and aims of this journal. The changes are the result not of any whim but of much thought and careful work. There will be another first, too: Bertrand Russell joins the list of distinguished contributors, with an article on "Education's Place in a New Age."

Letter From London

by Beverley Nichols

LONDON, as you may have guessed, is ballet-mad, and if you have ever seen the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet you will know the reason why. Last week there was a buzz of excitement among the intelligentsia, because of a new ballet called "The Great Detective". Hearing that it was based on the life of Sherlock Holmes—of all improbable subjects—I decided to go along to the first night.

I had a grand seat, in the second row of the dress circle. Immediately in front of me was a young lady called Margot Fonteyn, taking a busman's holiday. She needed it, having only recently recovered from a nasty bout of diphtheria. She looked like a very small, exquisite, black dragonfly, with a rather pink nose, because she had been out in the fog. She said that when she first tried to dance again, after her illness, she couldn't do a thing, and flopped all over the place.

Freddie Ashton—who is probably our greatest choreographer—came in just before the curtain went up and trod heavily on my toe. "I'm getting clumsy in my old age, dear Beverley," he said, as he apologized. (Freddie is about forty.) Then he added: "I loathe growing old. We ought to be born old and grow gradually younger. Then towards the end of our lives people would shake their heads about us and say . . . 'Poor Freddie . . . poor Beverley . . . they're beginning to look very *babyish*'." With which, he sat down, and the curtain went up.

The ballet was the greatest fun. Rather mad modern music, and a decor as vivid as a spring salad with a lot of tomatoes in it. Exactly what it was all about I neither knew nor cared. There was a chorus of pale blue policemen, and a sort of Nijinski Doctor Watson; Sherlock Holmes himself darted here, there and everywhere with an enormous magnifying glass, gathering clues. You'll probably be seeing it all for yourselves, in Canada, this fall.

WHEN it was over I stumbled out into the fog, crossed the road, and sat down in a nice old pub to have a glass of strong ale. As I sipped it I wondered how many people realized that the curious name "Sadler's Wells" means precisely what it says. There really was a gentleman called Mr. Sadler, you know. And in the year 1683 he really discovered a well, at the bottom of his garden, where he had a little public music room, and a coffee house. In those days Sadler's Wells was way out in the country, and to protect his patrons from highwaymen Mr. Sadler hired horse-patrols to guard the narrow, tree-shadowed lanes.

I suppose we should congratulate ourselves on the progress of civilization. But as I motored home, with buses looming out of the fog, and streams of lorries skidding on the icy roads, I felt that a few highwaymen, by comparison, would have been easy to deal with.

I thank you for your voices. Thank you;
Your most sweet voices.

I WONDER who it was who recalled this phrase—(it is from Coriolanus)—as a memorial to the late Sir Charles B. Cochran? They could not have been more exquisitely apt. Of all the great impresarios—and Cochran was one of the very greatest—he was the most courteous. I ought to know, for I wrote one of his biggest revues. It was typical of him that he invented for his chorus girls the immortal phrase "Cochran's Young Ladies". He treated them all like duchesses. And when he thought they were overdoing the slimming craze, he bought them steaks and sat over them till they'd eaten the last bit. A fat lot of chance he'd have of doing that today!

The words of Coriolanus now shine on a tablet in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which Londoners know as The Actors' Church, because of its many associations with theatrical history. I went along to the unveiling. The grey, grimy old market was in its usual state of shambles, with lorries and horse-wagons and hand-barrows jostling together in indescribable confusion. And of course the richest chorus of positively purple language that is to be heard anywhere in Cockneydom. Although it was a bitter morning there was a tang of spring in the air from all the flowers and fruit which pour into these narrow streets from every corner of Europe—crates of mimosa from the south of France, narcissi and freesias from the Scilly Islands, violets and primroses from Cornwall, lemons from Sicily. How old Cochran would have loved it all!

It was a curious audience; lots of respectable middle-aged ladies, swathed in mink, whom I remember as little dancing creatures chattering at the stage-door. Sir Alan Herbert was one of the mace bearers. (I think Sir Alan ought to do a tour of Canada; he's as much a Londoner as Piccadilly's Eros; and he's one of the few Englishmen left who really loses his temper, good and proper, at each fresh encroachment on our liberties.) I walked away with Vivian Ellis, who wrote the music of half a dozen Cochran successes. One of his songs, at least, must have echoed to the remotest corner of the farthest Canadian ranch. "Spread a Little Happiness". Do you remember?

LIKE MOST men I feel a large and exceptionally unwieldy fish out of water at a dress show. So when Norman Hartnell rang me up and asked me to come and see his Coronation Collection I said, firmly, that I would rather die, but that I would look in afterwards, when all the ladies had taken themselves and their ecstasies

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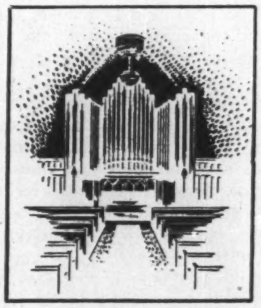

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away. Which I did.

The ladies were right to be ecstatic. It is all quite beautiful. The whole thing is in white and gold—not a spot of any other color. As you probably know, white, gold and silver are the only official colors allowed to be worn inside the Abbey. (This ordinance is issued by a member of the College of Heralds, who bears the charming title "Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms". Why "Bluemantle" nobody seems to know.) Well—Hartnell has cut out even the silver, and the result, to me, is enchanting. For gold has countless shades when it is used by a master—gold leaf, gold tinsel, gold pailettes, and even real nine carat gold embroidery round the pockets.

One of the things which most interested me was a paper pattern for a "utility" peeress's Coronation dress. (The adjective is intended to apply to the dress, not the peeress.) With the help of this, an impoverished viscountess could get down on the floor of her ruined castle with a pile of red velveteen and a box of white rabbit fur and run up something quite natty of her own.

NOT long ago I lunched with young Lord Edward Montagu at his home Beaulieu Manor—(pronounced Bewley)—which dates back to the Middle Ages.

Well, we lunched in a tiny room leading out of the great dining hall, which was stuffed with armor, family portraits and perspiring tourists. Now and then a tourist came up to the window and glared in at us, eating our fish. I said to Edward: "This is horrible, why don't you put some net curtains up, or tell those frightful people to go away?" To which Edward said, "That would be cheating. They like to see the British aristocracy at home. They feel they're getting their money's worth." Perhaps they do, but personally I think they ought to pay extra for breathing down one's neck.

I DON'T mind shabbiness and "making-do" and "contriving" and all that sort of thing, but I do resent parsimony. And there are some distinctly parsimonious aspects of modern British life. (I warned you that this was going to be an honest letter.) One of them was announced over the radio a few days ago. I was sitting at the window of my Chelsea flat, watching the fog creep up from the river, longing for a bit of sunshine, a sign of spring. Six o'clock struck; I turned on the radio. This was the news that greeted me: "As a special concession during the week of the Coronation, British housewives will be allowed to purchase four extra ounces of margarine and one extra pound of sugar."

I turned off the radio. Ye Gods and little fishes! Shades of Drake and Raleigh and Wellington—to say nothing of Queen Elizabeth the First! Four ounces of margarine at this crowning hour of our history! Pardon me while I explode. As far as I am concerned the Ministry of Food can keep its four ounces, and if this were not a polite journal, I should tell them precisely where they could put it.

Sacred Mystery No Longer

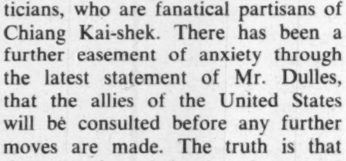
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Knowles reproached the Government for its complaisant acquiescence in a move which had alarmed the other allies of the United States, and argued that Canada had a major responsibility to bring strong pressure at Washington against any rash steps which might bring another world war nearer.

THE spokesmen of the Progressive-Conservative and Social Credit parties had nothing but commendation for the change in American policy and Mr. Solon Low, proclaiming himself in accord with the now discredited General MacArthur, favored a blockade of the Chinese coast and the bombardment of bases in Manchuria. However, when Mr. Low during the debate described Presidents Roosevelt and Truman as joint betrayers of humanity, he ruled himself out as a serious authority on international affairs; but for a prize for political illiteracy, he would have a strong competitor in his colleague, Mr. Hansell, who could not deny that in an article, quoted by Mr. Jutras, he had made the incredibly silly charge that "this United Nations is largely a Socialist-Communist organization."

The Government's apprehensions about the alteration in American policy were first soothed by reports from our Embassy in Washington that it was largely intended as a gesture to placate the group of Republican politicians, who are fanatical partisans of Chiang Kai-shek. There has been a further easement of anxiety through the latest statement of Mr. Dulles, that the allies of the United States will be consulted before any further moves are made. The truth is that the relaxation of the American naval patrol at Formosa means very little, as it always has been lax and the American fleet is known to have winked at raids on the mainland by the forces of Chiang Kai-shek, which proved complete failures.

The Eisenhower administration probably does not share the faith of some of his Canadian admirers in the capacity of Chiang to wrest China from the Communists. About a year ago this writer had a visit from an old friend, a British war correspondent of great experience, who was on his way home from a mission for his paper in the Far East. He detests Communism intensely, but a personal inspection of Formosa had convinced him that Chiang was a broken reed. He reported that Chiang and his associates were fighting among themselves, that most of his troops were an undisciplined rabble, half of which would desert to the Communists if they landed on the island.



THE ministers were very relieved when Mr. Currie in his testimony to the select committee upon expenditures for defence merely reaffirmed the findings of his report and did not expand them, but their fond hope that the clouds overhanging the Department of National Defence were lifting has been rudely dispelled. Apparently scores of indignant taxpayers have sent to their members detailed accounts of what they believe to be glaring cases of wasteful extravagance and mismanagement in the activities of the Department, which have come under their notice. One communication tells of looting of stores on a large scale on the Alaska Highway and another gives very disquieting information in regard to what is called a top secret project for defence. Obviously, if the trails thus opened up for the Opposition to follow lead to further damaging revelations, the demand for a wider investigation cannot be refused.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR, the Highland freebooter, the hero of one of Walter Scott's most famous novels, is credited with being the inventor of the practice of blackmail, and on February 11 Mr. Howe, fresh from his triumphal progress through the Latin American countries made Mr. W. J. McGregor, President of the Canada and Dominion Sugar Co. appear to be his lineal descendant.

In a debate initiated by members who wanted restrictions upon our small imports of refined sugar from Cuba for the benefit of our sugar beet industry, he pictured Mr. McGregor as a greedy tycoon, who wanted to swell the already high earnings of his company by millions of dollars at the expense of the Canadian consumer and for this purpose had organized a most aggressive pressure campaign.

Mr. Howe's firm declaration that the Government would not at the bidding of Mr. McGregor retreat from its policy of broadening the channels for international trade, and for the sake of a minor sectional interest risk tariff reprisals by Cuba from which the Maritime provinces would suffer, was sound Liberal doctrine, although it would not win votes for the Government in the areas where sugar beets are grown.

The debate on the project of irrigation in Central Saskatchewan and the adverse report thereon reeked of political propaganda for the coming election. The CCF and the Progressive-Conservatives assailed the Liberal party for betraying solemn pledges to safeguard section of the West from the calamity of drought and the Liberals refuted this charge by the claim that they were merely vigilant watchdogs against unprofitable expenditures of public money.

THE SOCIAL SCENE

The Case of the Deserted Husband

by Hugh Garner

THE MAN who deserts his wife and family is loathed by his wife, hated by his children, disliked by the neighbors, shunned by his friends, and pitied by nobody. He's responsible for much of our juvenile delinquency, most of our common law unions, the spending of millions of dollars' worth of tax money, and the heartbreak and poverty that he leaves as his only legacy to his wife. But desertion is a two-way street, and it's not always the woman who pays —but sometimes the man.

The deserting wife is common enough, and in the opinion of most social workers there are just as many deserting wives as there are deserting husbands, where no children are involved. This little social statistic could even make a title for a popular song: "For Every Jack That Doesn't Come Back, There's A Jill That Goes Over The Hill."

UP TO the present these deserting wives have been getting away with everything short of murder, but the law is finally going to catch up with them. The Hon. W. A. Goodfellow, Ontario's Minister of Health and Welfare, recently announced that consideration is being given to making husband desertion a punishable offence in Ontario, especially where children are abandoned by their mother. And about time too.

There are no complete statistics available to show the incidence of deserting wives, but the officials of many Canadian family courts say that ten per cent of the separation cases brought before them are caused by the wife's running away. Of 111 desertion cases involving children handled last year by one branch of the Neighborhood Workers' Association, 12 were desertions by the mother. Figures from the Toronto Children's Aid and Infant's Home for one year show 110 desertions, 69 of them by the father and 41 by the mother. Unless there are neglected children, most desertions are never referred to a social agency at all.

A COUNTRYWIDE survey was taken in 1950 to find out the reasons behind all desertions and family separations, and it brought to light four main causes of family break-ups. They are: "Early and hasty unions between couples who use marriage as an escape from an unsatisfying home atmosphere; too low mentality in the case of one or both marriage partners; alcoholism on the part of either partner; and serious overcrowding and bad living conditions, which bring about tensions between a man and woman." These things alone or all together often send a marriage on the rocks. In most cases desertion by one partner or the other is the result.

On the other hand, most social workers claim that women leave their husbands for the following reasons: promiscuity; the fact that the woman did not want children, and feels they are a burden; or that her mentality makes her incapable of feeling the natural urge of a mother to cherish and protect her family.

Bert Beaumont, Director of the Ontario Department of Welfare, whose jurisdiction covers all phases of desertion and neglect in Ontario, says, "The main motivation behind a woman deserting her children is that in most cases her emotional life is undeveloped. The love for her children is secondary to her love for another man, or her desire to break away from family life and its restraints."

There is no doubt in the minds of welfare and court authorities that the breakdown of families is increasing. One social director places most of the blame on the lack of housing in the cities and towns. She says, "It cannot be emphasized too much that crowded living conditions are responsible for the breakdown of many marriages." Another social worker told me that in good times there's an increase in desertions, but in bad times they dwindle almost to the vanishing point. The reason for this is that during a depression two or more in a family can live more cheaply on relief than one. However, desertion, like disease, is not the monopoly of the poor, and it is found in every stratum of society, although it's sometimes called "the poor man's divorce."

FOR A husband who can afford it, a wife's desertion leaves him and his children with an emotional rather than a social and financial problem. The man who finds that his wife has left the family circle to run away with a male ballet dancer usually sends the children to Grandma's temporarily, goes on a bender, and then arranges for a permanent substitute to keep house and look after the children. The poor man who can't afford a housekeeper often is forced to place his children in an institution and try to start all over again as a single man.

The big difference between a wife and mother being left behind by a departing husband, and that of a man placed in the same position, is that the woman is protected under law, and the man isn't.

The deserting husband can be charged under the Criminal Code for his act, and may be sent to jail on the charge. When he gets out he may be forced to pay a percentage of his wages or salary to support his wife and family. On the other hand, a woman can desert her husband and children any time she likes, and can't be charged with neglect as long as she leaves the children in the temporary care of an adult when she skips away.

A case was described to me recently where a wife sold all the furniture and ran away with her husband's brother, who had been rooming in the house, leaving her three children with a next-door neighbor until her husband came home. When her husband returned from work he found the house empty and a note from his wife saying that she loved his brother and that they had gone to live together in another part of the city.

The husband visited the Family Court and tried to get her back. He was told that under the law this was impossible, and that a woman can't be charged with desertion or be forced to return to her children. Then he tried to induce her to appear with him for a hearing of the case, so that he might get a separation order, but she refused to accompany him to court. The man is still without a separation order, for under the law as it stands now, his wife can't be summoned to appear with him in court. If the positions were reversed, the husband would have been made to appear, and would have been ordered to pay for the maintenance of his children. His wife, whose stake in her family's life is much more than a financial one, can't be made to face the music.

ANOTHER recent case is that of a woman who also ran away while her husband was at work (hardly any of them, men *or* women, ever stamp out of the house for good during a family fight), but who took her four children and the furniture with her. She returned to her parents' farm in a backwoods part of another province. The husband appealed to the authorities for aid in getting the children back, but was told that the only legal way was to get a court order from the Supreme Court of the other province for custody of the children. This is a difficult thing to do, as a judge will seldom separate children from their mother unless there is flagrant and wilful neglect. Although the husband has a good income and can give his children advantages they can't get where they are living now, there's nothing the courts can do for him.

Another strange, and sometimes unfair, thing in the laws dealing with desertion and separation is that a woman may leave her husband, and then sue him for non-support. This isn't widely known, and there have been countless family squabbles where the husband has said to his wife, loftily, "Don't forget, if you leave me I'm not forced to support you!" There have also been countless times when these famous last words have rebounded with a court order for separate maintenance against the man who made them.

The section of the law mentioned above has been placed in the books to protect the woman who is technically a deserter, but has actually been driven out of her home by the words or actions of her husband. Of course, it is sometimes applied against the innocent husband, and he is forced to help support his runaway wife, and also her lover of the moment. His only recourse, if the courts uphold the ruling against him, is voluntary bankruptcy or suicide, both of them rather severe cures for a commonplace ailment.

IN CANADA, the deserted wife may apply for Mother's Allowance, which varies in the different provinces, for a mother and one child, from $25 a month in Newfoundland, Saskatchewan and PEI, to $50 a month in Ontario and $51 in British Columbia. For each additional child the payments range from $5 in some provinces to a maximum monthly payment of $137 a month for a large family's support in Manitoba. The deserted husband on the other hand is thrown on his own resources when his wife deserts him, and must scratch for the extra money needed to hire a housekeeper or a professional social worker to look after his children.

Usually the man who finds himself acting the roles of both father and mother makes plans of his own to take care of his family. He may take them to live with his relatives, hire a housekeeper, appeal for help from an organization such as the Visiting Homemakers, try to obtain a divorce and remarry, set up a common law relationship with another woman, or try to bring his children up by himself.

A housekeeper can prove to be a disaster, both financial and otherwise. In many instances the father can't afford adequate housekeeping services, and he is forced to hire a young girl who is completely unfitted to look after his children.

The Visiting Homemakers, an organization set up in many Canadian

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The Massey Report and Television

by Joseph Sedgwick

—Who's Who in Canada

THE AUTHOR: Joseph Sedgwick Q.C.

ROYAL COMMISSIONS are a convenient and useful device. They permit Governments to evade, or at least to postpone, troublesome questions, and they invariably bring in a report.

If the appointing Government finds that the Report suits its own views, it greets it with fulsome praise. It speaks of the authors of the report as being highly distinguished and unassailably competent, and says that it would be unthinkable not to implement and adopt the recommendations of so sensible and informed a body. If, as does sometimes happen, the Report fails to please the appointing Government, it is filed and forgotten, and the responsible Minister points out (quite correctly) that Governments must make up their own mind, and cannot abdicate their function to a Royal Commission, even to one of their own appointing. Thus a Government can never lose by appointing a Royal Commission, and always stands a fair chance of winning.

Royal Commissions deal with two kinds of problems; firstly, and frequently, the problem of things past. The Reports of such Commissions may be simply disposed of; somebody is fired, or prosecuted, or censured, or praised, or whitewashed, and shortly all is forgotten or forgiven, or both. Then, other Royal Commissions deal with things future; what should be done, or prevented, or changed, or innovated. Such Reports suffer from the defect inherent in prophecy; if their recommendations are followed one may, given time and life, at some future day weigh the recommendation against the result.

The Massey Commission is, of course, in the second category, and this somewhat tiresome analysis of Royal Commissions and their uses brings me to my muttons, a consideration of the Massey Report as it is working out, in one of its aspects at least, and how it seems likely to work out in the foreseeable future.

BUT let me go back to the Report itself, which in some respects one cannot overpraise. Most such documents are bound in official blue; titled in plain black type; sober and uninspiring in language; dull to the point of tiresomeness. Not so the Massey production. It is the most attractive looking report in memory. Bound strikingly, in red (dominant) and white and blue (the minor colors), with its black and gold appendix, in format alone it sets a lovely precedent. How charming it is, opening as it does with a quotation from St. Augustine, in Latin for the learned, and considerately translated for the vulgar. And throughout, what a truly literate and literary document, so different from all other Reports.

In what other official publication would one find anything like this: "Nowadays, opera has a rival in 'soap opera', and perhaps a 'pin-up girl' grins from the exact place on the wall where used to hang the portrait of a shy young woman of twenty, of whom they used to say: 'Qui est-ce? Mais vous savez bien que c'est le portrait de grand'mère.'" Lovers of good writing will always treasure it, and often return to it, and it will, I hope, serve as a model of form for future Royal Commissioners.

What, then, is wrong with this so praiseworthy volume? Well, in a word, its defects are those that one might expect from its authors. Let us look at them for a moment: Mr. Massey, the fine flower of Toronto and Oxford, scholar, diplomat, man of affairs and of culture—everything indeed but man of business; Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie, President of the University of British Columbia; The Most Reverend Georges-Henri Levesque, Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences, Laval University; Miss Hilda Neatby, Professor of History and Acting Head of the Department, University of Saskatchewan; and, a little lonely in this academic company, Mr. Arthur Surveyor, Civil Engineer and man of business and commerce. Does there not seem to be here too much of the cloister and the campus, and not enough of market place and street?

NOW so long as the Commissioners dealt with matters educational, no more competent group could have been found; with not quite so much certainty would I concede them competence to deal with matters of art and science, but I would not greatly quarrel with their qualifications. However, when one comes to such matters as radio and television, matters of mass communication, with great respect I think them not competent at all.

Those who prescribe for the mass should at least know the mass, even if they are not of it, and what this Commission needed was at least one real down to earth politician who had had to fight for his seat through a number of bitter elections. It is probably not without significance that Mr. Massey's one brief contact with the mass mind was when he ran as Federal Liberal candidate in Durham County some twenty odd years ago—and was defeated by a local farmer, as I recall it. However, radio and television were in their mandate, and they must not be criticized for tackling those thorny subjects, however slight the equipment they brought to their task.

It cannot be said that they spent too much time on television (which is what concerns me at the moment); they just possibly thought that the old maxim of "least said, soonest mended" made sense, and in a report of 408 pages, we find the subject of TV considered and disposed of in five.

At the start, they acknowledge the burden of their task—

> "We were given the grave responsibility of making recommendations on the principles upon which the policy of Canada should be based in the field of television, this new and unpredictable force in our society."

This is followed by a statement that has become a *cliché* in some circles—"Television like radio is akin to a monopoly," which is one of those very partial truths on which it has been found possible to build a great structure of unsound argument.

RADIO in Canada is not a monopoly at all. There are 136 private broadcasting stations and only 90 daily newspapers in the country; in Toronto there are six competing radio stations (two CBC and four private) and only three daily papers, and a similar situation exists in Montreal. There are not many places in Canada where a frequency could not be found for anyone willing to risk his capital in broadcasting, and certainly it would be much easier to get into that business than to break into the newspaper field.

Radio is not (and TV should not be) inherently monopolistic as there are enough available channels to permit of a keenly competitive industry. Yet the Commission recommends the creation of an artificial and unnecessary monopoly by quoting with approval the announced government policy of "licensing *one* private station in any city or area of Canada." There are 13 channels in the presently used TV spectrum, and in many parts of Canada *all* are available; in few important population centres is one channel only available. Thus at this time there are two vacant and unused channels open to Toronto, and one to Hamilton, which could of course reach the Toronto market.

THE Report recommends that CBC alone should have a temporarily complete monopoly of the medium, that it should have and exercise the fullest control over all TV stations, public and private, and that private stations should only be licensed when "the CBC has available national television programs," and "that all private stations be required to serve as outlets for national programs."

Well, here we are in 1953, and we *do* have CBC television, in Toronto and Montreal, and CBC *does* have the monopoly that the Massey Commission suggested it should have, at least initially, and the CBC stations *are* producing (or one must presume that they are producing) those programs which find and foster Canadian talent, and which the Canadian public so greatly desires. Or does it? Well, just possibly it doesn't at all, and here we come up against that obstinate and untutored mass mind which knows what it wants, and seems not to care for culture, however Cana-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

The Beauty of Discipline

by Lister Sinclair

MUSIC is not a spectacular sport. Like all the arts, it cannot be taught, but it can be learnt; it cannot be given, but it can be taken. It works on us only through our participation. Great music asks in exchange for the best of itself, the best we have to offer. That is why music, while it enriches through pleasure, is also exhausting. Deems Taylor has said that it was many years before he was able to give his full attention to the second act of *Tristan and Isolde*. All his energies had been taken up by the effort of paying serious attention to the many wonderful things which Wagner put in the first act, so that his mind was tired when the second act started.

Now of course this sort of thing only happens to people who listen to music, rather than merely hear it. The patrons of the juke-box and the disc jockey are not as a rule exhausted by the effort of artistic assimilation; nor, as a rule, are they much enriched by their pleasure. Nor are those people who habitually attend concerts clad in complete steel, in the form of psychological devices to protect themselves from really listening to the music. It is these people who take music as a kind of refined hashish, dropped in the ear. A symphony sets them to dreaming, and takes their wandering thoughts out of the concert-hall and away to remembered scenes of happiness.

THIS is very pleasant, of course, and I enjoy it myself, but none the less, the great composers did not write symphonies to take our minds off the music. On the contrary, their purpose, like that of all great artists, is to make us see more deeply, feel more deeply, know more deeply, and so have life more abundantly; which is very hard work for everybody concerned, including the audience.

But the pleasure to be had from passive participation in music is much increased by the pleasure of active participation. Nowadays we make fun of the Victorians crowding around the parlor piano, and the young ladies of the house giving recitals in the home. The performance of the Moonlight Sonata to which we, in our enlightenment, are accustomed is that of Schnabel on records. How much luckier we are than our grandfathers, who only knew our grandmothers' versions of the piece!

How much luckier indeed; but the lady who was playing might have been even luckier than we are. And luckiest of all will be somebody who has struggled (alone in the house) through the naked notes of that sonata, and thereby learned to appreciate the more, not only Schnabel's achievement in playing the work as he does, but Beethoven's achievement in having conceived it and set it down.

Therefore, try actively to participate in music; not for other people's discomfort, but for own enjoyment. Remember the person who, when asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I don't know. I've never tried." Most music lessons and most courses of music are directed either toward passing examinations or learning a few pieces for semi-public performance. This is perfectly all right, but the private struggle behind locked doors with some great masterpiece may leave you with less in the way of outward merit, but more in the way of influence to your immortal soul.

Best of all, I think, try and find a friend who is like-minded. Then you may experience for yourself what is surely the greatest pleasure in music: the sense of order, of design, of discipline; of different emotions each eagerly pursuing its own proper business, and yet intersecting and coming

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together in perfect harmony. Nothing is better for letting you feel this than piano music written for four hands: that is, two players at one keyboard.

You can quite easily get arrangements of music like Haydn symphonies for four hands, but some of this is very difficult, and not all of it sounds really well on the piano. But there is no need to turn to arrangements, not for a while at any rate. Original music for four hands has been written by several composers, and some of it is quite easy to struggle through with a friend; providing, of course, you do not ask anybody to listen to you. This is an inflexible rule. Years of bitter experience have convinced me that in this sort of thing only the participants get any enjoyment out of it, and it is really a form of torture to ask anyone else to remain in the same room.

Mozart has written four sonatas for four hands. They are all in one book, along with some other four-handed pieces he wrote. Of these sonatas, two are very easy, and two are very hard. You will have no difficulty finding out which is which. Beethoven has written several marches for four hands, and a little sonata, also some sets of Variations. But the master of four-handed piano music is undoubtedly Schubert. He wrote many sets of magnificent marches (the Marche Militaire was originally written for four hands), and several elaborate Fantasias, including a particularly sumptuous and handsome one in F minor. And Schubert's Grand Duo is really nothing less than a Symphony written down as a four-handed piano sonata.

The only trouble is that the Schubert music is mostly very difficult. It is rich and beautiful, but if you are able to play it, then you will probably be able to participate in the experience of music in a much more searching way. So leave the Schubert alone until you have tried the Mozart and Beethoven books of four-handed music. (Both of which are usually to be got from music libraries). If you then want to go on to arrangements, try some of the arrangements of Beethoven and Haydn Trios, which are also to be found in most music libraries.

I do not think you will regret the trouble; for music, like the other arts, is a discipline, and we can never appreciate the rigors and beauties of any discipline until we have tried it for ourselves. Then, whenever we are confronted with music, we can always eagerly begin to participate in it, as a real experience, rather than to ward it off with the shield of inattention, behind which the spirit starves to death.

●

MUSIC is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.—*Beethoven.*

THERE IS something marvellous in music. I might almost say it is, in itself, a marvel. Its position is somewhere between the region of thought and that of phenomena; a glimmering medium between mind and matter, related to both and yet differing from either. Spiritual, and yet requiring rhythm; material, and yet independent of space.—*Heine.*

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GEORGETOWN ONT

THE WORLD TODAY

Is It Nazism or Nationalism?

by Willson Woodside

YOU REMEMBER how people said, during the first two years of World War II, that the generals always prepare to fight the last war over again? It seems to me that many people are now making the mistake of thinking that everything in Germany is simply happening over again. Let half-a-dozen former Nazi small or medium fry be arrested for plotting, or five thousand *Waffen SS* meet for a reunion, and the cry goes up that the Nazis are about to take over again.

I find it hard to imagine what many of our people expected of Germany after the war. Were the millions of Germans who had spent years in the Hitler Youth and the Nazi Party expected to forget overnight all the notions that had been planted in their heads? Were the half-million-odd SS-men simply to drop dead?

For my part, I felt the greatest diffidence in predicting what might come out of the German debacle. The one thing I was sure of was the moral, spiritual and political vacuum which existed in Germany for a year or two after the war. After watching developments closely and skeptically ever since, it has been my impression that the new Germany is saner and is governing itself better than we could have expected in 1945.

It is hard to tell how general this political sanity is or how much it is due to the personalities of a few outstanding anti-Nazis like President Heuss and Chancellor Adenauer, Kurt Schumacher up to about two years before he died, and those stout *Oberbuergermeisters* Reuter of Berlin and Brauer of Hamburg.

NO ONE could be sure after the war whether the Germans, sitting disconsolate in their ruins, would be more inclined to think nostalgically of the early days of Hitler's rule, when Germany leaped to prosperity and made herself feared by the whole world—two things on which Germans set much store—or whether they would brood over the later, dreadful years in which he brought everything tumbling down on their heads while he escaped the consequences by suicide. It was still hard to know what was in the nation's mind as it stirred itself, and with volcanic energy began to rebuild cities, factories, railways, highways, everything. Did it follow the new democratic leaders? Was it even interested in what they were doing? They themselves were not too sure.

Out of such a people and such circumstances one ought not to expect too much. One ought not to be surprised if ex-Nazis, who either believed in the creed or had held office and power which they were not able to gain before or since under a parliamentary regime, showed their disgruntlement, gradually became more openly critical of the new order, and finally banded together politically to get back their "rights."

What is astonishing is that the former SS bully-boys who were on the top of the heap before 1945 but since then have been as a group the most discriminated against (and rightly so), have not made more trouble, in likely alliance with some of the millions driven from the lost Eastern territories to seek shelter and work in a ruined, partitioned and occupied fatherland.

There was the Socialist Reich Party of Major-General Remer, an officer of little importance among the ex-military, his sole claim to fame being his prompt action, as major in command of the Berlin watch battalion, to arrest the anti-Hitler conspirators when von Stauffenberg's bomb failed to kill the *Fuehrer* on July 20, 1944. Doubtless Remer helped then to alter the course of history; but as for his party, it was based mainly in the single state of Lower Saxony, and there was no trouble when the Adenauer Govern-

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under a bushel

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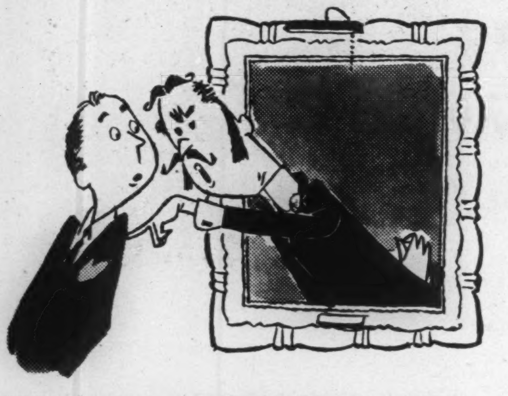

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ment jailed him and banned the party last year.

In Hesse there has sprung up a *Bund Deutscher Jugend* or League of German Youth, composed mainly of former Hitler Youth leaders and putting forward anti-Communism as its chief program, and a League of the Denazified, the one proclaiming and the other hinting by its name that it was a gathering point for former Nazis. The Hesse provincial government, which is Social-Democrat, has banned them both.

INDEED, one thing that seems fairly well-established in German politics at present is that openly Nazi parties are not allowed to operate. There is not, so far, a single provincial government which will wink at them. The outcry over a possible Nazi revival tends however to obscure *the most important development in German politics, a revival of traditional German Right-wing nationalism*. It is in fueling and fanning this that the more intelligent and subtle former Nazis are playing an increasingly dangerous role.

Richard Lowenthal, of the London *Observer*, believes that it was to expose this kind of activity that the British High Commissioner recently arrested Dr. Werner Naumann, once a deputy to Goebbels, and his associates. There never was a Nazi plot to seize power by force, says Lowenthal, and the British never believed there was one. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick admitted as much.

There was no immediate threat to the security of the Allied forces. "The British High Commissioner was deliberately stretching a legal point to gain a political objective. That objective was to put German democratic opinion on the alert against the growing influence of organized nationalist groups inside some of the respectable democratic parties, groups that included former Nazis."

This trend has been visible in recent months in the refugee party, formerly called the League of the Expellees and Disinherited and now the All-German Rally, which is included in several provincial governments; and inside the two right-wing parties in Adenauer's coalition, the Free Democrats and the German Party. "There was a very real danger, recognized by all independent observers, that those nationalist sections might capture control at least of the latter two parties within the next year, and merge them into one strong and attractive right-wing nationalist party under Nazi-infiltrated leadership."

In such a case, Adenauer's Christian Democrats would have had to choose between maintaining their coalition with the support of such a party on its own terms, or seeking one with the Social Democrats, who are democratically more reliable but opposed to German integration in the Western military system. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick appeared to hope that his action exposing the Nazi contacts of the nationalists would weaken their position and strengthen Adenauer's.

However, the move misfired. It caused a sensation and revived fear of Nazism in the Western world, which was promptly exploited by Communists and neutralists as an argument against rearming the unreliable Germans. And this Western reaction gave the German nationalists a sympathetic local press for their counter-attack against the "anti-German" attitude of the British Government.

This, I believe, is a true glimpse into what is going on in German politics, and a warning on the attitude of the German press and public.

Sebastian Haffner, who also left Germany on the rise of Hitler and is perhaps the most distinguished *Observer* writer, finds that there is something decidedly anachronistic about a serious Nazi revival in the 1950's. The present Germany, he says, is as utterly different from Weimar Germany in mood and mental attitude as it is from Hitler Germany itself.

"It is, on the whole, a profoundly chastened and discouraged country—still hardworking, still full of physical energy and vitality, but mentally and politically exhausted. Its most general emotion is an almost surprised sense of survival and a wish to forget.

"If critics of the present Germany are disappointed at the lack of any profound self-criticism or real repentance, if they find something unpleasantly bland and glib in the easy manner in which most Germans have shuffled off the Hitlerian platform, more friendly observers can, on the other hand, point to the surprising and quite unfeigned re-emergence of some of the homely features of a much older Germany: a certain easy-going and equitable contentedness, a 'live-and-let-live' attitude, a perhaps somewhat Philistine but not unamiable domesticity, a complete absence of the hysteria which accompanied the ferment of the Weimar period.

"ONE aspect of this changed mood is the different attitude of the mass of the Germans to their defeat of 1945. Very few Germans try to deny and explain away the reality of that defeat—in great contrast to their attitude after 1918. There is a third difference, which lies in the physical conditions of Germany's present existence. Western Germany is today a military march of the Western world. It owes its fast economic recovery largely to this fact. Its security depends for the time being entirely on the presence of Western Allied troops.

"Whatever may lie in the dim future, no German national policy is possible outside the general Western orbit for any foreseeable time. No formal restoration of German sovereignty can change the inescapable facts of geography which make Western Germany, in the present period of history, the European garrison province of the Western world. Conditions favoring a Nazi seizure of power in a country full of Western troops would be hard to visualize, even if the Nazis were a strong and rising movement, with German popular opinion well disposed towards them — of which there is at present no sign."

PATTERN FOR PAPER

Canadian Newsprint Prospects

by W. P. Snead

THE STORY of paper is really the story of the age of industry. Without paper to record and transmit the thoughts and knowledge expressed in books, blueprints and bookkeeping the world of industry could never have been. And the demand for paper is as good a barometer of business activity as the figures for steel and carloadings.

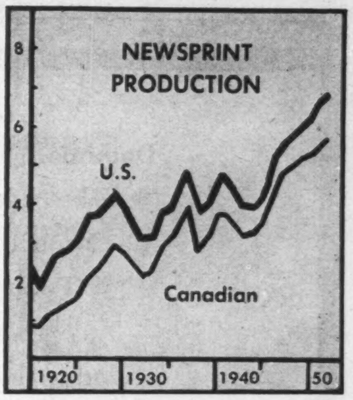
The production of paper has followed no smooth path, as the chart shows. Capacity has either lagged behind or raced ahead of demand to produce violent fluctuation in the fortunes of the paper companies. In the booming twenties the pent-up demand from World War I, together with the "New Era" philosophy prevailing then, led to a great overbuilding of productive capacity that by the depression days of the thirties saw the industry saddled with an overcapacity of some 2 million tons, of which 1.3 million tons was in Canada. The fierce competition for markets nearly halved the price of newsprint to $40 a ton and reduced earnings to the point where a bitter trail of defaulted bonds and company reorganizations marked the passing of the "New Era".

RECOVERY from this depressed state was slow and painful. Not until the early 1940's did production and prices move appreciably upwards. Then both investors and management realized that the industry had turned the full cycle and the pattern of World War I should be repeated. By 1946 most of the machines that had lain idle since 1930 were being used and a program of modernization of the plants started.

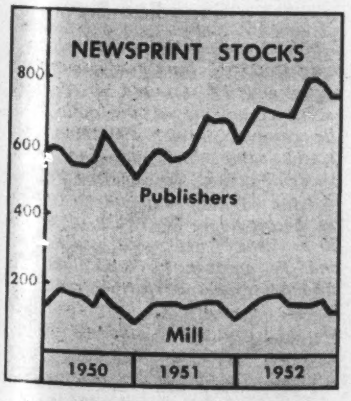
The harsh lessons of over-expansion, taught in the years since 1930, were well remembered and expansion of existing Canadian plants and the building of new mills were done with caution even though the demand for newsprint brought successive price increases to the current level of $126 per ton. This planning was sound, for as European production was resumed and new plants in the United States came into production, output came level with demand last year and balance was achieved and maintained.

What of the outlook now? We are looking at an entirely different industry from that of a decade ago. The sins of over-expansion have been expiated and the capacity-demand ratio equated. Much of the burden of funded debt has been paid off, giving the industry a firmer financial foundation, while research has not only brought new products from former waste but increased operating efficiencies.

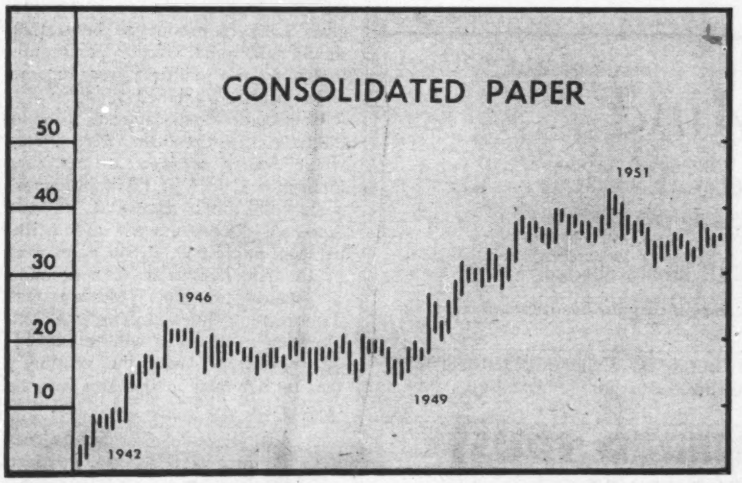
As the small charts illustrate, with both production and inventories well above the levels prevailing a year ago, the short term outlook is apparently one of balance at best, with supply forcing some easing of production as new plants come into operation this year. New products in the chemical field and a possible reduction in taxes should offset declines in gross earnings. Dividends should be maintained and could in some cases be increased as net earnings run two to three times dividends.



IN 1952 newsprint production reached a record of 6,834,000 tons, of which Canada produced 5,687,000 tons and the U.S. 1,147,000 tons. (Chart in millions of tons.) Source: Newsprint Association of Canada.



INVENTORIES of newsprint at mills in north America and in publishers' hands amounted to 755,000 tons at Dec. 1, 1952. (Chart in thousands of tons.) Source: Newsprint Association of Canada.



From the longer term view newsprint demand is relatively stable tending to increase in direct proportion to the population. Even in the period of 1929-1933 world demand for newsprint declined only thirteen per cent. Capital expenditures for plant and equipment will be declining, leaving a greater percentage of earnings available for dividends. New plant, planned and under construction to 1955, throughout the world is estimated at some 1.5 million tons annual capacity and presents little danger of major over-capacity. Meanwhile the development of new uses and markets for paper products will continue.

THUS the industry presents a favorable long-term picture with good defensive characteristics against recessions in business activity.

For a specific example of both the earnings trend and the market action of the paper issues we have selected Consolidated Paper, the second largest producer.

Its history has paralleled that of the industry in general. The present company came into being in 1932 as a means of reorganizing the Canada Power and Paper Corp. that represented a "New Era" amalgamation of a number of paper companies in 1928.

The company operates four paper mill divisions and a sawmill division whose 24 newsprint machines have a rated annual capacity of over 700,000 tons. Kraft paper, paperboard and pulp is also produced in major quantities. Timber limits controlled by the company amount to nearly 18,000 square miles of timber land and include the freehold ownership of Anticosti Island.

Since 1947, when the last newsprint machine at the Cap de la Madeleine plant was put back into operation, nearly $20 million has been spent in a replacement and modernization program that has built up equity from $6.92 per share to $17.04 per share at last report. Funded debt has been reduced from $35 million to $15 million, by the end of 1951.

What this has meant to investors can perhaps best be summarized in the following table.

	News-print prod.	Earnings per sh. $	Div.	Taxes per sh.
1940	428,674	.34	—	—
1941	439,741	.34	—	—
1942	359,764	.15	—	—
1943	349,602	.51	—	—
1944	396,803	.43	—	—
1945	438,195	.70	—	.73
1946	557,122	1.90	1.50	2.22
1947	643,432	3.79	1.50	3.70
1948	664,347	4.58	1.75	2.80
1949	668,217	4.29	1.75	2.80
1950	674,394	4.73	1.75	3.55
1951	706,429	5.03	1.75	5.85
1952	n.a.	n.a.	1.75	n.a.

Most illuminating perhaps is the final column which, computed on the basis of the 2,566,081 shares outstanding, shows how great the impact of the current rates of taxation on industry is. The government, in its role of silent partner, took nearly four times as much as the shareholders received, then to make sure of the lion's share, charged income tax on the dividends. It is obvious from this table that there is a considerable margin available in both earnings and possible tax reductions.

Let us turn now to the market picture. Since 1942 when the stock sold at 1½, as the large chart illustrates, four distinct phases of advance and decline are evident in the pattern of the market action. The first phase, based on the growing anticipation of a resumption of dividends, carried the price to a 1946 high of 23¼. This was followed by the long period of distribution that terminated with the 1949 low of 13½, with the liquidation of holdings accumulated in the early forties being offset by investment buying of a dividend yield that approached 13 per cent at the 1949 low.

WITH the market price of 13½ less than three times earnings of $4.58 and offering a dividend of $1.50 the stock was obviously undervalued at this point. Buyers were rewarded with a market move, stimulated by the increase of 50 cents in the dividend and the increase in the price of newsprint to $106 a ton, that carried the stock to the 1951 high of $43.50 in the third phase of the pattern.

When the yield decreased to 5.1 per cent at the high, the stock entered the fourth phase where distribution again took command of the market, and the price receded to a low of 32¼. Since then the price has held for nearly two years in a five-point channel between 32 and 37 with an average yield of 6½ per cent.

The current outlook suggests that earnings and dividends will remain stable and possibly increase. With much of the capital demands of the expansion and modernization of the past several years satisfied and the remaining funded debt of $15 million due to be eliminated by 1954, net earnings could improve even though output slackens somewhat.

From the technical point of view, analysis of the chart indicates supply points, or up objectives, of 42 and 47 demand points of 32 and 28.

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Gold & Dross

I have a considerable holding of Scurry Oil which I bought last summer near 5. Since then the stock has fallen to 2 and is now selling at 2.30. This represents quite a loss to me and I am wondering if I should buy some more in the hopes of evening up. What do you think?—E. J. H., Toronto.

Averaging down is usually not the best of market tactics but from the recent action of the stock and the developments since then such a procedure would appear reasonable.

Since the low was marked last December at 2, the stock has repeatedly met good support in the 2.00-2.25 range and this, from the technical point of view would appear to offer a buying spot.

Appraisal of the company from oil reserves, estimated last June at 2,079,000 barrels and working capital of $2,076,000 gives a value of about $1 per share.

Completion of the pipeline from the Big Valley field to Edmonton gives Scurry a production boost that should add some $18,000 per month to income and reinforce gross income which for 1952 totalled $285,298.

Considerable news appears to be in the making in the Peace River Area, where Scurry holds a 26 per cent interest in a block of 1,214,882 acres, some 40 miles southwest of the Amerada discovery well, and a 100 per cent interest in 92,640 acres west of the Amerada well. If permission is granted for the Westcoast Gas Transmission line, drilling and exploration in this area will be expanded considerably with the possibility that further reefs in this area may be discovered.

Scheelaur

Can you tell me anything about Scheelaur Mines? Are there any prospects that work will be continued on the property?—G. B., Toronto.

According to a representative of the company, negotiations are under way to provide funds for a resumption of work this spring. Current funds are estimated at about $6,000 and some 30,000 shares of the 4 million capitalization have been issued. Some claims have been recently staked in the Bathurst Inlet area.

Ventures

I have some Ventures that I purchased in 1949. Would you advise retaining it as an investment?—Mrs. E. B., Georgetown, Ont.

As the price range of Ventures in 1949 was 6.95—4.00 you have a very good profit available at the present market price of 23. While it is possible that the stock can tack on a few more points the recent market action suggests that considerable selling is holding the stock down here.

With the 30 cent dividend giving you a yield of only 1.3 per cent I would suggest that you sell at least half of your holdings and reinvest the money in bonds where yields of more than 4 per cent are now available.

One of the soundest rules we know of to follow, especially with more speculative issues such as this, is to place half of any capital gains made over a considerable period into Government bonds where the degree of risk of capital losses is much less. Thus one always has protection against violent market movements and funds available to buy good stocks when they are "cheap" at the end of a long decline.

Royalite

Do you consider Royalite Oil a good investment at around 15? Can you give me an outline of what their reserve and working capital position is?—J. I., Toronto.

Royalite Oil is one of the original pioneers in the Western oil fields and is now the leading independent producer in the country. Oil reserves are now estimated at some 64 million barrels of varying grades. Gas reserves are estimated at 120 million cu. ft. Working capital which was last reported at $4,160,613 has recently been reinforced by the sale of $8,078,000 of new series "A" 5 per cent bonds.

With holding of over 1.8 million acres, including a large block in the Williston Basin, there is ample opportunity for exploration and development to supplement the present interest in 62 light oil wells and the 50 per cent interest in the 60 heavy oil producers in the Coleville area.

These reserves and working capital give a base value close to the current market and from the action of the stock over the past year it appears that considerable support should be available around 13.

Completion of the Trans-Mountain pipeline should give production a lift this fall, which, with other developments in conjunction with the refinery at Coleville, operated jointly by Royalite and Canada Southern Oil, should result in greater earnings and possibly a dividend increase.

Thus Royalite seems an excellent vehicle for investment in the oils with the prospect of both capital gains and income.

Canadian Breweries

My Canadian Breweries, which I bought at 16½ last June, is currently selling near 19. I found Mr. Taylor's recent comments on the outlook of the company rather disturbing, and at the same time confusing as to dividend policy. In one part he said that the directors feel that they could not be bound to the policy of paying 60 per cent of net profits as dividends and in another he said that the directors expect no further reduction in the present rate of dividends. Should I continue to hold?—J. K. K., Toronto.

I agree these are rather confusing statements. The best qualification for them is in the remarks that "the declining profit margin in the face of ever-increasing sales is giving the management serious concern." This is amplified by the figures showing the steady decline in the profit margin on sales from 8.5 per cent in 1947 to 4 per cent in 1952. Mr. Taylor attributed much of this decline to the increased rates of taxation on the brewing industry, and hoped that some tax relief was in sight.

As he indicated, reinvestment of a considerable proportion of earnings in the expansion of manufacturing facilities will place considerable demands upon working capital.

From this we deduce that a very substantial cut in taxation will be necessary to halt the downtrend in net earnings and dividends that has been under way since 1947. Conversely, it implies that the present dividend rate is not secure and may be revised if the divergence between total sales and net earnings is extended. Thus we entertain considerable doubts about the price trend of the stock and we would be inclined to sell it. Further the trend evident in the major market indices hardly suggests that the price will move through the previous high of 20.

United Asbestos

I would be pleased if you would give me your opinion on United Asbestos. The stock seems to bounce around a lot but never gets back up to what I paid for it. Could you explain why the price changes are so wide and rapid and what causes them?—J. T. S., Thornhill.

United Asbestos has been almost a textbook example of the divergence of opinion that makes markets. Two factions, equally stubborn about the future of the property, have made a trading football of the stock.

The announcement of the agreement last September, which gave American Smelting and Refining a six-month option on the property, gave the bears an inning and the price was driven down to 2. Many traders at the time considered the terms of the agreement unfavorable to United Asbestos. If the option, which is subject to a four-month extension, is exercised, American Smelting, through its subsidiary Lake Asbestos, will provide all the funds to bring the mine into production at a rate of 4,000 tons per day. Under the terms of the agreement Lake Asbestos will have a majority claim upon earnings until the funds advanced are repaid.

American Smelting's decision on the option depends upon the milling tests now being conducted to determine the commercial grades of the estimated 74 million tons of asbestos ore on the property.

As the future price of the stock will be determined by this decision it must be considered a pure speculation and its recent movements between 3 and 4.25 caused by the actions of short term traders.

British Empire Oil

I have been advised to buy British Empire Oil. Would you recommend it as a speculation?—F. W. B., Toronto.

The last figures available give British Empire working capital of $2,277,082, oil reserves of 1,368,000 barrels and a net acreage holding of 472,000 acres. Computing oil reserves at $1 per barrel, this gives a basic value not far from the current market price of $1.10.

A considerable interest is held in the Peace River territory on the proposed route of the Westcoast Gas Transmission Line. This comprises a 35 per cent interest in three blocks of reservations totalling 1,400,000 acres. Partial interests in leases and producing wells are held in the Leduc Calmar, Camrose and Campbell fields.

From this it would appear that the company has adequate working capital to continue exploration and development and could be a reasonable speculation.

The price range on the Toronto Exchange has been between a high of $1.99 and a low of 85 cents since listing last July, with a low of $1.05 being marked recently.

Kerr-Addison

I have some Kerr-Addison which I purchased at 13 some years ago. Would you consider it wise to sell this stock now and buy some of the cheaper gold stocks?—M. R., Stoney Creek, Ont.

Why sell a good stock for cheaper ones on which you will not get a dividend? If anything favorable develops for the gold mining industry in the shape of lower costs or the Canadian dollar going to a discount again, the larger producing mines will be the first not the last to benefit.

Copper Man

Would you say Copper Man Mines was a good stock for speculative trading?—A. E. T., Toronto.

I would not.

MacDonald

I have held some MacDonald Mines for a number of years. I am very disappointed with this stock as it never seems to do anything but fluctuate around near the dollar level. Would you mind stating your views on this stock?—J. A. L., Brampton.

Apparently you are not a registered shareholder of this company or you would have received notices regarding the proposal to incorporate a new company in conjunction with Noranda Mines. This proposal, which was approved by shareholders last November, terminated the old lease agreement with Noranda and authorized the transfer of the mine property to the new company. MacDonald Mines will have a 49 per cent interest in this company and Noranda will have the controlling 51 per cent.

As the agreement also requires Noranda to provide $3.5 million for the construction of a mill, these funds to be repayable out of production, it appears that the mine will be brought into production. While this will be a "long pull" proposition, the willingness of the Noranda group to spend this sum of money, and the presence of a majority of Noranda directors on the board of the new company, suggest expectations of successful operations and your retention of the stock.

Trans Mountain
Oil Pipe Line Company

Contributing to Canada's
Oil Development

The construction of the Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line will open up new markets for Western Canada's crude petroleum production. The Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line will transport crude petroleum from the vicinity of Edmonton, Alberta to the vicinity of Vancouver, British Columbia, a distance of some 695 miles.

It is estimated that construction of the pipe line will be completed by the summer of this year. It is announced that the pipe line will have an initial average daily capacity of 120,000 barrels, which capacity may be increased to 200,000 barrels per day.

We offer as principals:

Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line
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Additional information will be furnished gladly upon request.

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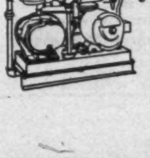

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Sun Life Again Holds Top Canadian Record For '52 New Business

$545 Millions Sold; Total Insurance in Force Now Over $5 Billions; Policyholders' Dividends $22 Millions During 1953—Upped By $2 Millions

With $545 million of new business secured during 1952, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada continues to hold the record for another year, topping all Canadian life companies over the same period. Total Sun Life insurance now in force amounts to more than $5 billions, marking yet another milestone in the progress of Canada's leading life company. George W. Bourke, President, in presenting Sun Life's 82nd Annual Report, announced that policyholders' dividends during 1953 will amount to $22 millions, up two millions from last year.

Stating that the objective of the business of life insurance was to make available its services to as many people as possible, Mr. Bourke emphasized that the Sun Life is playing a leading role in this purpose. Last year, new Sun Life business amounted to $545,581,000 as compared with the 1951 figure of $461,776,000, an increase of 18%. The Sun Life of Canada operates in nearly 30 countries throughout the world, but the major part of this new life insurance was secured in Canada, United States and Great Britain. Group insurance included in the new business total amounted to $165,487,000, an increase of $71 millions over 1951. The importance of Group life insurance, said Mr. Bourke, is being increasingly recognized as a valuable social factor by responsible industrial and business leaders who are finding that well-rounded insurance and retirement programmes help both to secure and to retain valuable employees and promote sound staff relations in both large and small organizations.

At the end of 1952, total Sun Life insurance in force stood at $5,222,947,000, an increase of $421,431,000—nearly 9% over the amount at the end of the previous year. Group insurance in force, included in this amount, has now reached $1,493,501,000, an increase of 19%. Annuity payments which the Company has undertaken to provide immediately or in the future, through individual contracts or group pension plans, amount to $117,833,000 per annum. The number of policies and group certificates now in force is 1,912,000.

BENEFIT PAYMENTS

Mr. Bourke referred to life insurance as the most popular and effective method of permanent saving, because it provides an immediate estate in the event of death, and also assures financial security when working years are over. The payments made to Sun Life policyholders and beneficiaries during 1952 amounted to $118,618,000, or $467,000 for each working day of the year. Of this amount, $81,632,000 was paid to living policyholders, and $36,986,000 to the beneficiaries of deceased policyholders. The total amount of benefits paid by the Sun Life since the first policy was issued in 1871 has now reached $2,604,604,000.

ASSETS AND INVESTMENTS

Total assets of the Company at the end of the year under review were $1,742,876,000, an increase of $76,850,000 over 1951. These new funds were invested in many public and private enterprises, but principally in industrial and public utility bonds, and in mortgages. The increase in bond investment and mortgages amounted to $43,252,000 and $23,666,000 respectively. It is interesting to note that Sun Life investments include 40,000 home mortgages for a total sum of $166,000,000, an average of $4,150 per home. Thus, the Company is playing a prominent part in helping to provide homes for persons of modest means. The interest rate earned during the year was 3.84% as compared to 3.70% in the previous year. This increase, commented Mr. Bourke, was important since any permanent improvement in the interest rate makes additional earnings available for dividend distribution, thereby reducing the cost of life insurance to the policyholder.

The total surplus and contingency reserve now amounts to $113,697,000.

LIFE INSURANCE A NATIONAL ASSET

Mr. Bourke mentioned that in all countries where the Sun Life operates, and more particularly in Canada, United States and Great Britain, men and women were providing increasingly for their own and family security. This meant protection and peace of mind for more and more people. It also meant more money saved and invested in national projects; more jobs and goods for more people. In Canada alone more than five million policyholders are saving through life insurance, for whom the nation's life insurance fund of more than $5 billions represents a provision for death, retirement and other benefits. The fund is also the country's largest single reservoir of long-term investment resources for use in developing the nation's waterways, highways, railroads, public utilities, home building, hospitals, schools, and other branches of Canadian social and business life.

A copy of the Sun Life's complete 1952 Annual Report to Policyholders, including the President's review of the year, is being sent to each policyholder, or may be obtained from the Head Office in Montreal or from any of the branch, group or mortgage offices of the Company throughout North America.

U.S. Tariffs

by R. L. Hoadley

IN A PLAIN-SPEAKING talk to U.S. industrialists, a Canadian businessman received more attention from the New York press than the more diplomatic remarks of other recent prominent Canadian visitors. Shawinigan's V. G. Bartram bluntly told a group of U.S. chemical manufacturers that unless U.S. tariffs against Canadian-made chemicals were reduced, Canada would have to raise its duties against American products sharply to provide "something worth while to trade on". He noted that Canada had exported $67 million worth of chemicals to the U.S. in 1951, while chemical imports from the U.S. had totalled $165 million. Despite all efforts of Canadian concerns to eliminate the adverse balance of trade in chemicals, this situation has persisted.

Then he drove home his point. Canadians start tariff negotiations at a comparatively low tariff level while Americans start from a level that is "practically exorbitant". The remedy, he warned, may be for Canada to hike her rates and then adjust matters on a more even basis between the two countries. Mr. Bartram had chosen his audience carefully. He knew that the U.S. chemical industry has become a leader in high-tariff legislation and played an important role in scuttling customs reform. After this warning, the high-tariff chemical folk may think twice before pressing their claims on congress. Only in addresses like this does the Canadian viewpoint get the play it merits. Now that Americans have learned a bit about Canada, "progress reports" should lead to a lively discussion of Canada's problems with her neighbor.

The group before whom Mr. Bartram spoke is the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers Association of the U.S., an organization dedicated to efforts to protect American chemical producers from "excessive" competition of foreign-made chemicals in the domestic market.

CONGRESSMAN Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn never gives up. Buried among the flood of bills dropped in the hopper of the Congress was one aimed directly at the Canadian newsprint industry. Celler has long complained that newsprint cannot be investigated properly because most of the records are kept in Canada. His bill would amend the Clayton Anti-trust Act so as to provide that domestic corporations may be required by subpoena to produce the records of their foreign subsidiaries and affiliates. The bill also would require all foreign corporations doing business in the United States to register with the State Department.

When Representative Celler was head of the House Judiciary Committee he conducted many investigations, wrote some pretty reports and introduced a flock of bills on all sorts of subjects. They fell by the wayside. There is no reason to expect that he will be a more effective legislator as ranking minority member of the Judiciary Committee.

It's a MAN'S work...
ICE COLD BOTTLE OF I.P.A.
LABATT'S

for a man's beer!

Remember the old-time ale before feminine tastes influenced the brewers? That's what you *still* get when you order I.P.A. Labatt's* India Pale Ale has all the character, all the hearty, full-bodied flavour a man expects. Order I.P.A. for *satisfaction.* John Labatt Limited.

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LABATT'S

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 414

A dividend of 6c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 31st day of March, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 3rd day of March, 1953.

DATED the 13th day of February, 1953.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

Comics & Culture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

casual glance at the scope of that change should suggest that the standards and tools of literary culture are likely to be inadequate to appraise, let alone to control, the new developments. Book-culture based on the mechanization of writing would now appear to be a relatively minor development beside the mechanization of the spoken word and of bodily gesture (cinema and TV).

In the arts, form imposes matter. The man at the microphone cannot focus his audience or select it in the same way as a writer. Knowing this he cannot choose but shift his thoughts and attitudes accordingly. In the same way the writer who has something to say is a person who can imagine an audience to say it to. And the man with an idea for a comic strip is able to see a set of outlines, of human gestures and situations which will go through the network of communication, which is human society.

WALT KELLEY'S *Pogo* comes from a man trained in the Disney studio. Now Disney, like Norman McLaren of the National Film Board, is a typically non-literary Canadian who, untrammelled by any sense of bookish or colonial inferiority, felt free to indulge his technical inventiveness and fantasy in the new pictorial field opened up in our time. But Kelley has an even more exuberant and playful bent than Disney. And, perhaps encouraged by the genius of Al Capp, he has envisaged an adult audience for his work without entirely cutting loose from the nursery book themes and images of Disney.

The *Pogo* strip is staged midway between our inner and outer world, between the abysmal and strange domains of man and animal. It plays these domains off against one another, linking past and present, distant racial memories and current politics with an ease and freedom which are found only in the "verbivocovisual" world of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*.

The verbal virtuosity in *Pogo* of the "free to get ready and sore to go" variety is entirely in accord with Joyce's "Jung and easily Freudened" and "grace before glutton" gestures. Such gestures create new kinds of metaphor by bringing together unlike and unlikely situations which suddenly illuminate one another, creating a kind of mental sneeze. While the literary critics are still gloomily pondering the boisterous *Finnegans Wake*, Kelly's *Pogo* has taken it over as a comic strip.

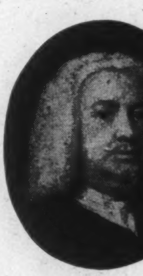
It is worth noting that *Pogo* like the *Wake* will fit none of the established literary categories of significance or importance. It is enormously learned and sophisticated, but it is neither high-brow nor middle-brow nor low-brow. It is not tailored for any existing channel of book distribution. For the strip is not a book. It is art but it is not literature. Its format is not that of rigid lines of type. It has much more of the helter-skelter scope and wit of the old illustrated manuscripts of the middle ages, freely intermingling words and pictures, and naturally regarding both as gestures or phases of the mind.

However, it is plain that educators are now faced with a new kind of "illiteracy" which will never yield to stepped-up doses of grammar and literature. The ads and comics are only a segment of a total change in the exterior network of social communication which we call "culture."

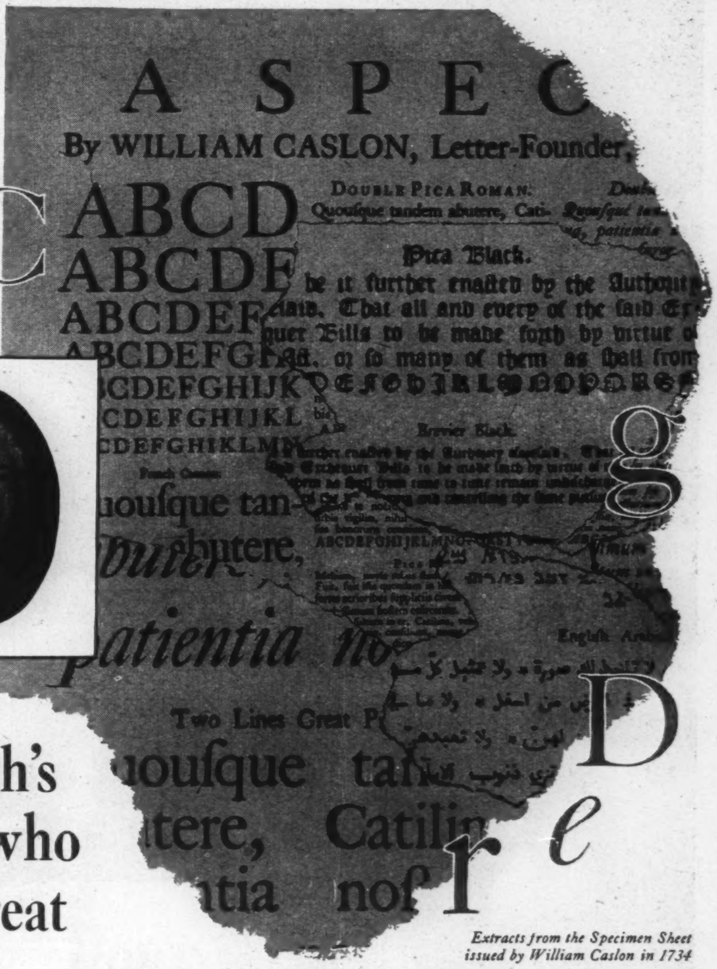
High human cultures pre-dated print and even writing, and today we have to rediscover the means of maintaining traditional cultural standards amidst new conditions of communication which are so revolutionary as to plunge us back into human prehistory where all the roads begin.

In the beginning was the gesture, as the Abbé Jousse said long ago. And the comic strip is the world of gesture, as the author of *Mandrake the Magician* knows very well. But *Mandrake* is located so far on the dream side of world observation and fancy as to be a bit vacuous. Al Capp's world of *Li'l Abner* has by contrast so many rich contacts with the world of reality, ideas and feelings that nobody questions its right to exist. Dogpatch is a village of the mind which is poised on the borders of a dozen or more mental states. Greatly elastic in space and time, it can reach out to include for the moment not only Washington, Jugoslavia or New York, but, just as easily, the world of Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie, and society.

Capp's imagination works in sym-



great type designers of the world . . .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the gunsmith's apprentice who revived a great tradition . . .

WILLIAM CASLON: 1692-1766

Born at Cradley, in Worcestershire, William Caslon learned the rudiments of his trade as apprentice to an engraver of gun stocks, then as a manufacturer of bookbinders' stamping tools. He can be credited with having accomplished the renaissance of English typography. His letters reflect the essence of the Eighteenth Century: a profound regard for Classical models, tempered by a remarkable delicacy of feeling and a sturdy English simplicity of form. It has been said of Caslon's achievement that "if all other English types were suddenly to disappear from the face of the earth, Caslon could bear alone the burden of modern print."

The headings on this page are set in Caslon Bold, the body in Caslon Old Style Roman.

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Spring Fashions
a More Slender Line

in a costume of great elegance. The skirt, essentially narrow, wears its own button-down overblouse ... the semi-fitted jacket curves ever so gently. For fabric—tweed, loomed with a lacey-lightness. From a collection of new suit shapes to be found at EATON'S.

EATON'S ... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION. STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

pathy with that rich and neglected landscape of huge type which leers and gesticulates from every front page and every ad. The literary folk have refused to build anything in that quarter so the Capps have taken over.

Most of the strips start from an initial observation which becomes thereafter a formula, as in Chic Young's *Blondie*. But Capp has an abundance of intellectual power which freshens his perceptions constantly.

By contrast, *Blondie* is a static world of suburban pastoral where middle-class consumer values can maintain the countenance of normalcy. This fact was strikingly illustrated by the unexpected and unexplained success of the movie *Sitting Pretty* which started Clifton Webb on his current career. Hollywood still doesn't see that the success of that picture was not owing to the encyclopedic virtuosity of Webb as babysitter but to the glorification of the suburban world which resulted from his aristocratic intrusion.

As this century of the comic strip wears on, many of the older strips become a link with their readers' childhood and youth. This helps to explain their importance in the press which is otherwise lacking in any feature of continuity.

A few years back an American air force general expressed the determination to bring the facts of the air arm up to the level of the *Buck Rogers* strip. From a "cultural" point of view this would appear ridiculous. But is it silly in the eyes of the atomic physicist? What is culture in the atomic age? Perhaps the new strips are not so remote from culture as they seem in terms of literary culture.

NOBODY has done any serious study of the liaison work done by the strips in adjusting the young to a swiftly changing scene. We still think of education as the process of acquainting young and growing minds with the static and unchanging traditions of the past. But the anthropology and archaeology of our time have made the human past part of the present. The past is now news and fashion.

The past has become part of the changing present, and the strips take that into account.

And the sciences have done the same with all human and pre-human time. The "unchanging past" has become part of the immediate daily flux of events. Now the arts have always been our main resource for observation and control of experience, and it would be strange if amidst these new kinds of experience we had failed to devise new arts for the representation and contemplation of the inner and outer drama of our lives.

That is just where the role of the comic strips and comic books can be seen. They are the shock troops of a culture which has been shredded and stretched and spun by accelerated technological change. They provide a network of communication which includes young and old, sage and oaf, poet and scientist. They may eventually be seen as that army of mercenaries which upheld the scheme of things for pay when all the responsible, disinterested and cultivated folk had fled.

LIGHTER SIDE

Hostess, What of the Night?

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"I LISTENED to a most fascinating lecture the other day," Miss A. said, coming in with the tea-things, "on how to become a celebrated hostess."

"That should be worthwhile," I said, "how *do* you become a celebrated hostess?"

Miss A. said it was largely a matter of providing an artistic setting. "She recommended a silver epergne, heaped with glowing fruits of various kinds. Or a brass bowl filled with glossy magnolia leaves. Then she suggested sitting the guests at small tables with butter-colored linen covers."

"That's a very good idea," I said, "I mean, the usual formal arrangement is a little like sitting across from a row of people in a street car. Unless, of course, you have the proper stimulants."

"The hostess, if she is sufficiently entertaining, can provide all the stimulus necessary," Miss A. said austerely.

"There's a saying that liquor is quicker," I said.

"Don't!" said Rudyard the parrot, rousing suddenly. "Don't on any account."

"Don't what, Rudyard?" Miss A. asked, looking pleased.

Rudyard stared at her bleakly. "Don't put bananas in the ice-box," he said, and went back to sleep again. Miss A. went on quickly. "And then of course there are all the lovely foods—griddle cakes with chicken liver and wild rice, turbot masked in cream, candied sweet potatoes with pecans, mixed fruit shrub—"

"Yes, but what are you going to do with your guests later?" I asked. "I mean when they get up and go and sit in the living-room, all stupefied with the lovely food, and probably looking like a row of masked turbots?"

This was an aspect of the hospitality problem which Miss A. hadn't considered. She said weakly after a moment, "There's always bridge."

"You can't get to be a celebrated hostess that way," I said. "For instance, how could you ask Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. to your party if you hadn't anything better to offer them than bridge?" Miss A considered. "Chess?" she asked not very hopefully. I shook my head. "I once knew a hostess who tried that. She had a whole series of Chess evenings. Then one of the guests went into the kitchen and tied a tea-towel over his eyes and came in announcing he was going to play everybody blindfold."

"It could be done," Miss A. said, "I've often heard—"

"I forgot to say that he had also tied on to a bottle of cooking sherry in the kitchen," I said. "Besides, he didn't know how to play chess."

Miss A. looked exasperated. "Then for Heaven's sake, how do you propose that dinner-guests should spend the rest of the evening?" she asked.

It was, I admitted, a very grave cultural problem. "I know of at least one host who built a projection room on his house so he could fill up the awful after-dinner hours with movies," I said. "It's a solution, of course, but only if you happen to have the type of guests who prefer Pa and Ma Kettle to each other's company."

"Is there anything the matter with general conversation?" Miss A. asked.

"Nothing whatever," I said, "only you usually have to have something to get it started."

"You mean a bottle, I suppose," Miss A. said acidly.

"A bottle probably wouldn't come amiss," I said. "Generally speaking, a group of Canadians find a bottle a good deal more stimulating than, say, an epergne heaped with glowing fruits."

"Not in a cultured society," Miss A. said.

"Strictly speaking, we are living in a frontier society," I pointed out. "What we have is a rather thin strip of urban and farm living backed by a wilderness that is completely unexplored by anyone except prospectors and geophysicists—"

"THAT has nothing whatever to do—" Miss A. began, but I went on. "In the old days the prospector probably rode into town, planted a bag of gold-dust on the nearest bar and demanded whiskey. Of course it's different today, in a sense. Now they come into town in private state-rooms heaped with pig-skin bags—"

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," Miss A. said.

"Just that the per capita consumption of whiskey in Canada is probably as high as it ever was," I said, "So if you really want to be a celebrated hostess you let the bottle act as host. As it circulates it lights up all sorts of unsuspected areas, strikes sparks from sluggish minds, brings together in complete congeniality people who might detest each other."

"And usually ends with the neighbors calling the police," Miss A. said.

"Not necessarily," I said, "the successful hostess is the one who knows exactly the point to reverse any dangerous trend and return the evening to general conversation. For instance, when someone suggests that everyone in turn call up the Mayor and give him particular—"

"Sh-h!" Miss A. said with a warning glance at Rudyard who sat erect and bristling, looking like a bird of prophecy. "Well, Rudyard?" Miss A. said encouragingly. But he only croaked, "Ah lord, my sacroiliac!" and went and sat moodily on the bottom of his cage.

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So Mellow and Rich
Really Great Whisky!

DON'T JUST SAY 'SCOTCH'— ASK FOR . . .

WHITE HORSE
SCOTCH WHISKY
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Available in various sizes

Some Pills for the Press

by Robertson Davies

A SPECIAL EDITION of the London *Times* which appeared not long before Christmas contained an interesting article on newspapers as they exist in this country, and particularly those in Ontario. Our press, in the judgment of the *Times* "scores fairly high for accuracy and rather low for literacy"; it was also observed that our "papers may be dull but they are decent". Dull, decent, but not very literate; this is hardly an estimate to gladden the heart of the Canadian journalist. But let us examine it.

The *Times* has paid our press the compliment of judging it by high standards; there is an element in the press of Great Britain—and a very large and powerful element—which is never dull, rarely decent, and literate only in the sense that it is roughly grammatical and occasionally quotes from a classic in order to bolster up a wobbly generalization. But there are perhaps a score of papers in Britain which are far from dull, which are decent in the larger, and not in the meanly puritanical sense, and which are notably literate. These are the papers to which the most intelligent part of the nation looks for its news and its comment; how are we to make a comparison between them and our Canadian press?

A SELECTION of reporting, criticism and editorial writing called "The Bedside Guardian" gives us a good idea of what the Manchester *Guardian* offered its readers in 1951-52, and it is a book to make any Canadian paper or magazine blush. The present writer picked up the book with a heavy heart; a newspaper anthology—could anything be more grisly? But from the pages of the *Guardian* Mr. Ivor Brown has made a selection which I have read from cover to cover with the keenest interest and admiration. There is not a dull page in it; questions of decency do not arise; it is fully literate, which is to say that every writer represented writes from experience which he has related to a mind well-stocked, cultivated and constantly refreshed. Even comment on sports is written in language understandable, and from a point of view endurable, by an intelligent reader.

Undoubtedly this is a flattering anthology; the *Guardian* has its dull passages. But is there any Canadian paper from which a selection of one-tenth this quality could be made? Yet the *Guardian* is not a wealthy paper, and its staff is exceptional only in that it desires to write well, and knows what good writing is.

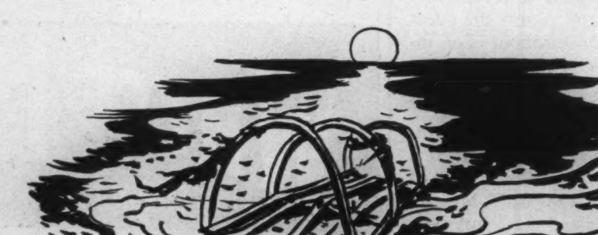
JOURNALISM of a somewhat different stamp, but journalism nevertheless, is the selection of reviews and essays by Peter Quennell called "The Singular Preference". There exist in England several weekly reviews of politics, art and literature of a type uncommon on this continent, and of which SATURDAY NIGHT is the only Canadian example. Mr. Quennell's portraits and essays have appeared in these papers, and are representative of the best writing on literary matters to be found in them.

This is not a book of urbane essays; so often such books are simply oily rehashes of what every literate reader already knows; each of these short pieces contains something that is fresh, something that is unusual, something which leads, instead of following, current opinion. Yes, this is journalism; there is no reason why journalism should be writing of an inferior quality. Defoe, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Shaw, Beerbohm, Chesterton—these men never shrank from journalism, nor did they write the worse because what they wrote would appear on newsprint.

Canadian newspaper writers, then, may look at these volumes, and the "Bedside Guardian" in particular, with considering and self-critical eyes. Sob-sisters and blubber-brothers we have, but where have we a sports writer who understands what Neville Cardus understands about sport? Where is our feature man who, when asked for a "color story," produces anything comparable to "Milk and Morals", with which Norman Shrapnel opens this book? Where do we look for reporting like Iain Hamilton's comment on the gathering of the clans at Edinburgh?

Let us not shrug off these questions by talking about difference of tastes. Let us talk instead about the great craft of journalism. Let us talk about education in Canada, which produces the kind of newspaper writing we have. Let us admit that "journalism" simply means writing, and that there are only two kinds of writing—good and bad. Which is the writing we give and get in our papers?

GOOD WRITING is the heart and soul of a newspaper; its lifeblood is advertising. Modern costs of production make it utterly impossible for a paper to exist without large advertising revenues, and a great measure of artistic and literary ability goes into the preparation of advertising. A recent elaborate and trustworthy survey shows that most people like advertising in their periodicals and read it willingly. How advertising became what it is today, and the roots from which it sprang, are discussed in E. S. Turner's "The Shocking History of Advertising". This title is misleading and rather cheap, for the book is a serious piece of research, and its absorbing quality arises from its material rather than from freakishness of treatment.



The U.S.A. is commonly thought to lead the world in the skill and enthusiasm of its advertising, and also in the extravagance and tastelessness of some of its advertising methods. A reading of Mr. Turner's book will correct that notion; England has preceded the U.S.A. in advertising techniques by about forty years, and this continent has only exaggerated what it has learned abroad. It is true that the U.S.A. produced the ineffable Bruce Barton, who solemnly proclaimed that Jesus "would be a national advertiser today . . . as he was the greatest advertiser of his own day". (The parables, in the gospel according to Barton, showed that the Messiah had the makings of a first-rate copywriter.)

But thirty years before Barton the great Thomas Lipton had made a religion of advertising, though he never tumbled into Barton's naive blasphemies. The excesses of American patent medicine pushing were never worse than the accounts of hairy tapeworms of inordinate length which appeared in English papers. During the Victorian era, Britain led the world in bad taste as well as good.

ADVERTISING as we know it originated in England, and even funeral advertising of a competitive sort had its beginnings there, with offers of a Superintendent and Two Mutes on Horseback, for an extra two guineas. In 1759 Dr. Samuel Johnson was able to write that "the trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement", and praised the "eloquence, sometimes sublime and sometimes pathetic" with which it was written. What would he not have written had he been able to foresee that advertisement, published in 1951, which promised that its product would "help to give growing children social poise . . . free them from self-consciousness, awkwardness and unnatural restraint"; the product thus commended was one with which the Doctor was thoroughly familiar—a dinner-table candle, in our age a necessary concomitant of "Gracious Living". As Johnson truly said, "Promise, large promise is the soul of an Advertisement".

Large promise and, in our day, a generous dollop of truth. For the most successful and consistent advertisers know that the best advertisements are those which present their wares in a flattering, but not a false light. The advertising industry has policed itself commendably, and its codes, here and in Britain, are considerably more stringent than the law demands; the vendors of pox-pills and cancer-salves have been banished from the press, the unguaranteeable is no longer guaranteed, and appeals to fear and anxiety are slowly yielding to discouragement. The history of advertising is vastly entertaining, but it is, upon the whole, a hopeful story.

THESE BOOKS make a particular appeal to the ladies and gentlemen of the press, and it is hoped that they will read them. But the public for which the press exists should read them too, in order to sharpen its critical snickersnee. For the press, that tireless vendor of criticism, needs frequent doses of its own medicine.

THE BEDSIDE GUARDIAN — edited by Ivor Brown—pp. 252 and index—*Collins*—$3.50.

THE SINGULAR PREFERENCE—by Peter Quennell—pp. 224—*Collins*—$3.50.

THE SHOCKING HISTORY OF ADVERTISING—by E. S. Turner — pp. 296 and index — *Michael Joseph*—$3.50.

In Brief

by T. J. A.

A HISTORY OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY — by C. B. Sissons — pp. 346 — *University of Toronto Press*—$5.00.

UPPER CANADIAN history as well as Victoria University benefit from the scholarly research, unlabored pen and resourceful mind that Professor Sissons brings to this account of his lifetime's *alma mater*. He does not cloister Victoria from the counties, Methodism and politics out of which it grew. The book is full of information but not ponderous; Professor Sissons has too discerning an eye for the eddies of history and their splashes of amusement to write dully. Victoria's Cobourg days and the tortuous course leading to federation with Toronto are illuminatingly related. Ryerson of course bulks large.

How brave were these impoverished small centres of higher learning a century ago; a handful of professors, some barely tutors, teaching Greek to farm boys. Yet such were the beginnings of Queen's and Victoria, and their history for years. Victoria advanced from "Upper Canada Academy" to university status in 1842. By 1849 its Principal was a former circuit-rider who knew a little theology and law but had no degrees. (On resigning he immediately went over to the Church of England) . . . The book is handsomely set up and thoroughly readable.

THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY — by Lt. Col. H. M. Jackson—pp. 418.

REGIMENTS deserve the monument of a regimental history. Dull though they may be to a general reader, to the initiated they recall dates and places, enshrine names in the account or the appendices and provide an ark for the *esprit de corps.* The flatter and stuffier regimental histories are, the more authentic they tend to be in the eyes of veterans able to supply their own rubrics.

This is a good regimental history by an old hand at the chore. It begins with the historic role of artillery, takes the Ottawa regiment in its numerous transformations from 1855 to 1952, and with direction from the Canadian Army Historical Section's main beam, throws sidelights on campaigns in the First Great War and the recent one.

Most space is given to the 51st Anti-Tank Battery in Italy and the 2nd Field Battery in England and northwest Europe during the last war . . . The various offspring of the regiment are now drawn back to the parental and perpetuating 30th Field Regiment RCA.

OXFORD — by Christopher Hobhouse — pp. 116, index and illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin* —$3.50.

A FIFTH EDITION, revised and brought up to date by Marcus Dick, of this charmingly written, understanding book about the great university. To those who do not know it, it is enough to say that this is a Batsford book; the name is a guarantee of good writing, tasteful illustration, and handsome bookmaking.

FILMS

Supersonic People

by Mary Lowrey Ross

FLIGHT PICTURES, with the opportunities they present to film the ultimate in panorama, must be a great temptation to producers. Visually they are always exciting and beautiful. Even the war films of air battles in the South Pacific had a strange objective beauty that had little to do with the war itself, and still less with arrangement or art, since they were taken literally on the run. The swift trajectory of line almost from horizon to horizon and the geometric patterns cut by manoeuvring wings in the bright air made a heartstopping spectacle for the earthbound. Any producer who had these was half-way to making a triumphant picture.

In its air sequences, the English film "Breaking Through the Sound Barrier" is a lovely thing to watch. This is the story of one of the first attempts in aviation to compete against the speed of sound, and the picture, directed by David Lean, describes the adventure both on the ground and on the stratospheric level. In the latter area it is superb.

On the ground level it struck me as a little less satisfactory, in spite of an extraordinary performance by Ralph Richardson as a powerful, and powerfully obsessed, aviation magnate. The magnate has a daughter (Ann Todd) and the daughter has an aviator-husband (Nigel Patrick), whom her father ruthlessly employs in his supersonic experiments. This provides the conflict, which is certainly a valid one.

Yet while the people here, (again with the exception of Ralph Richardson) are arguing, debating, making love, or in some cases merely moping, they have the specious air which so unmistakably distinguishes acting from feeling. They are people in a screen play, and the contrivance of their situations shows up in everything they do—in their dialogue, their inflections, their gestures, even in the way they walk. (Why do actors always walk in the same way, with shoulders, hips, arms, legs all in perfect alignment and all moving in one piece, so that if they merely move across the room to answer a telephone they must turn the trip into a handsome little performance?)

Once our aviators get off the ground, to be sure, they become vivid and exciting figures. They even manage to be believable in their unbelievable little plexiglass world. Ralph Richardson, however, (he never mounts any higher than the second floor of his house) is absolutely authentic at every moment. He is as clearly a human being obsessed by an idea as is the hero of Balzac's "In Quest of the Absolute". Like the Balzac experimenter, he is a devoted father who is prepared at any moment to sacrifice the hopes and happiness of those he loves to his inexorable obsession.

It is a highly complex characterization and Ralph Richardson gives it so much edge and depth that one can

what has this...

DICTAPHONE

...and this

done to dictating history? In business . . . the professions?

THE NEW DICTAPHONE TIME-MASTER has *made* dictating history!

Dictaphone's tiny, exclusive, unbreakable plastic *Dictabelt* has played a major role.

Never before has any dictating machine or method been so widely accepted. In government, every type of business and profession, the new Dictaphone TIME-MASTER has met enthusiastic approval.

Dictators like the ease and simplicity of operation . . . the small size, only 4½ inches high! Secretaries like the voice-perfect electronic reproduction of the plastic *Dictabelts* . . . the lightness and comfort of TIME-MASTER's Magic Ear, which fits as easily as an earring.

And both dictators and secretaries are captured by the way TIME-MASTER gets more work done in less time . . . with less effort . . . at lower cost.

SECRETARY SHORTAGE? When you install TIME-MASTER equipment, one secretary can often handle dictation for two or three busy men. TIME-MASTER helps you cut dictating costs, eliminates the time wasted taking dictation.

Get the details today . . . use the coupon below!

DICTAPHONE

THE GREATEST NAME IN DICTATION

TIME-MASTER—The Modern Way to Dictate

"Dictaphone" is a registered trade-mark of Dictaphone Corporation.

DICTAPHONE CORPORATION LTD., Dept. SN-243
629 Adelaide St. West, Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send me literature on the Dictaphone Time-Master.

Your Name________________

Company________________

Street Address________________

City & Zone__________ **Prov.**______

FRANKLY EXTRAVAGANT . . . .

with its polka-dotted sleeve flowing in pleated fullness from the shoulder. Boxy little jacket emphasizes the slim-line skirt in this suit . . . interpretation of Spring by Lilli Ann. But one of many fabulous Lilli Ann coat and suit fashions in the St. Regis Room, Fashion Floor, The Third.

Simpson's
TORONTO

VISIT SIMPSON'S FASHION FLOOR, THE THIRD, WHERE SPRING IS IN FULL BLOOM . . . BRINGING YOU A GAY, COLORFUL FASHION FESTIVAL

hardly blame his daughter for withdrawing her young son from his grandfather's dangerous orbit. To be sure she relents and returns with him for the happy ending, but this, one felt certain, was a mistake on her part. Given another fifteen or twenty years, Grandfather would be the first to hustle him into some contrivance just off the draughting board and urge him to break the speed of light.

"THE STEEL TRAP", starring Joseph Cotten, is an unusually well-contrived suspense film, worked out with enough plausibility to make holders of large bank balances feel rather nervous about their accounts. Joseph Cotten is cast here as the assistant manager of a Los Angeles Bank, a reputable, happily married citizen, who nevertheless has it figured out that if he can only remove a million dollars from the company vault he can fly to Rio over the weekend and there settle down permanently in well-heeled non-extraditable comfort.

It sounds relatively simple as he works it out on paper in the Public Library after office hours, but once he starts putting his plan into operation the situation begins to bristle with unexpected hazards—delaying ledger-keepers and cleaning women, missing visas, dilatory taxi-men, low pressure areas on weather maps, suspicious custom clerks, and as a final deterrent, a shocked and indignant wife (Teresa Wright) who walks out on him when she discovers, rather belatedly, what he is up to. (Apparently one of the chief difficulties for big-scale private enterprise, whether it is interested in building supersonic planes or lifting a million dollars, lies in meeting the moral scruples of female dependents.)

The director of "The Steel Trap" has built his mounting frustrations and tensions with considerable skill, and there are moments, particularly when the journey approaches its last leg at New Orleans, when you may feel almost as nervous about the whole thing as Mr. Cotten.

"APRIL IN PARIS" presents Doris Day with Ray Bolger, which is a considerable advance in partnership for Doris. She is cast as a chorus girl inadvertently assigned by a Government official (Ray Bolger) to represent America at a Paris Festival of the Arts. Miss Day works tirelessly at her singing and dancing, and produces quite an effect of energy and charm. Ray Bolger is charming as always, and scarcely seems to work at all.

●

Time

Time is the dream
Dreamt by a pauper,
Blind, in search of light.

Time is the name
We give a cripple,
Lame, and left behind.

Time is the game
Of wave and sand,
And of the comets' flight.

Time is the flame,
The self-consuming
Flicker in the night.

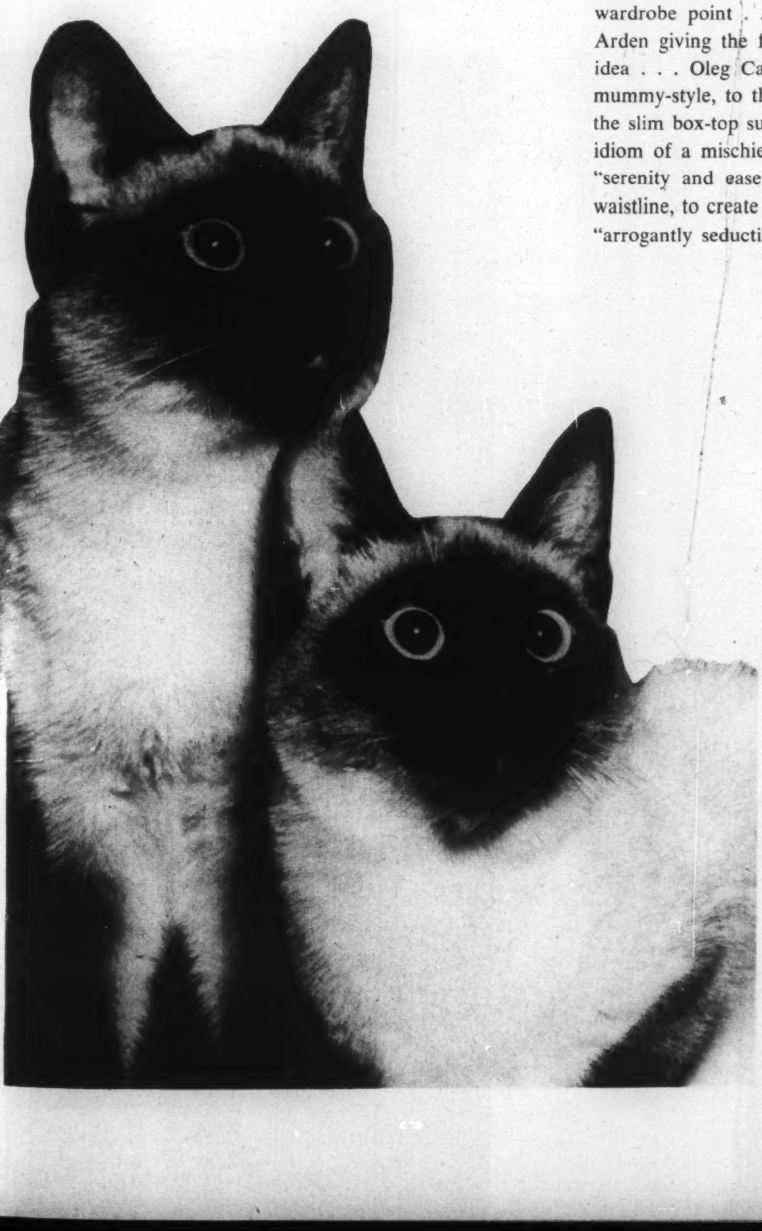
ANTHONY FRISCH

WORLD OF WOMEN

CONVERSATION PIECES:

Growing popularity of Siamese cats as pets, probably a sequel to the rash of witch plays, in which these cats are "familiars" . . . the 100th birthday of potato chips, with their origin in Saratoga when a cook accidentally let a potato slice fall into doughnut-frying fat . . . Canadian chanteuse Gisele MacKenzie on singing engagement in Montreal, chaperoned by Bruna and Wolfgang von Bagel, a team of Dachshunds . . . Edmonton's Stardusters' Club, so dubbed to include all those over 5 feet, 10 inches with social ambitions . . . first Wholesale Credit Women's Organization, formed in Vancouver and trying out their fledgling wings under sponsorship of the Men's Credit group . . . and speaking of fledglings, the male sparrow works harder at building the future home than his smart spouse . . . Isabel Lockerbie of Owen Sound, Ont., first full-time dietitian with the Diabetic Association of Ontario . . .the off-chance that tea will oust the cocktail at the 4 to 6 o'clock hour, with news that tea is President Eisenhower's favorite brew . . . Canada becoming blasé with Hollywood-style premieres of movies made in Canadian centres, latest in Quebec City for Alfred Hitchcock's "I Confess".

. . . Women dashing off to the many Spring Fashion Shows, to see what they should be buying before Spring officially arrives . . . finding that, whether slim or full, the silhouette lies gently and naturally against the figure . . . Spring's fashion interest in the *à deux* costume look, with print dress and print-lined coat or fitted jacket the focal wardrobe point . . . stunning stoles with everything . . . Elizabeth Arden giving the form-fitting bolero new excitement, with reversible idea . . . Oleg Cassini and his "Siren" dress that wraps the body, mummy-style, to the knees and then breaks into flounces below . . . the slim box-top suit that Adele Simpson calls *Gamine* in the French idiom of a mischievous little girl . . . Christian Dior's emphasis on "serenity and ease" with rounded shoulders flowing into a natural waistline, to create soft smooth lines . . . fashion writers talking about "arrogantly seductive" cocktail and evening dresses.



. . . Definition of child discipline as teaching him to behave in an agreeable way, if one is to believe a pamphlet issued by the Department of National Health and Welfare . . . Virginia Cook of Calgary and Sheila Douglas, with the Canadian Red Cross in Korea, first civilian women to receive Canadian Army's Korea medal for service . . . tableau of kitchen and dining room of century ago Canadian coffee house for the Canadian Restaurant Association's convention next month . . . Coronation tribute by 55 British Commonwealth societies in California, at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, to synchronize with the actual ceremony in London . . . new bilingual high school staffed by Toronto's Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame . . . . . . British Columbia in the banning business again, this time the French movie, "La Ronde" . . . and the presentation of the first French-Canadian language play in the NB playoffs in the Dominion Drama Festival, Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," entered by St. Joseph's College . . . a title, not a ticket, for speeding to Doreen McLeod of Edmonton, again Canadian Senior Women's speed skating champion . . . the five international service clubs in Toronto honoring women in the medical profession at their annual dinner last week, with Dr. Jessie Gray as speaker . . . the Whiteoaks of Jalna in a real-life wedding when Rene Whiteoaks's namesake, Rene de la Roche, marries Katherine Isobel Murray, daughter of Leith Murray and the late Mrs. Murray; also present at the Vancouver ceremony on Feb. 21 will be Rene's mother, Jalna authoress Mazo de la Roche.

SILHOUETTES

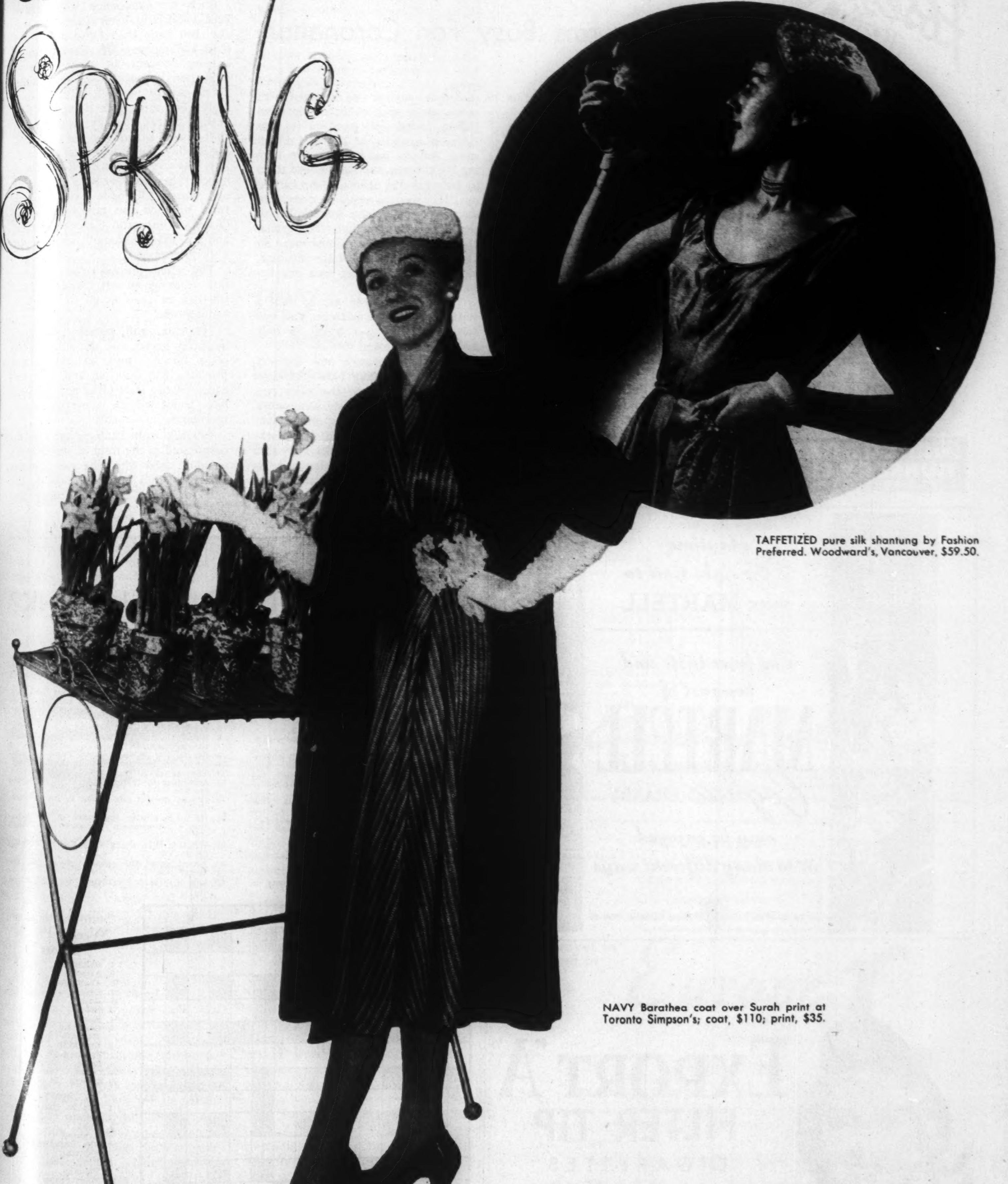
PURE SILK blush pink print with wool bolero, print lined, by Kane Weill of New York. Toronto Holt Renfrew, $155.

◀ NAVY and white worsted suit by Adele Simpson of New York. From Eaton's of Vancouver, $210.

FITTED coat of wool grey sharkskin, from collection of imported models, Morgan's Canada, $250. ▶

▼ STOLE suit in a grey-and-pink wool by Brenner Sports, London. From Toronto Eaton's, $69.95.

S OF SPRING



TAFFETIZED pure silk shantung by Fashion Preferred. Woodward's, Vancouver, $59.50.

NAVY Barathea coat over Surah print at Toronto Simpson's; coat, $110; print, $35.

for

CANADIAN GARDENS

McCONNELL'S Roses have long been noted for their superb quality . . . this year we offer the finest selection of roses we have ever grown . . . over 100 different varieties of HYBRID TEA . . . HYBRID PERPETUAL . . . CLIMBING and SHRUB to choose from . . . the BEST of the OLD and NEW VARIETIES.

Ask about our "SPECIAL ROSE COLLECTIONS" including such outstanding varieties as: CRIMSON GLORY . . . SUTTER'S GOLD . . . QUEEN O' THE LAKES . . . MISSION BELLS . . . FASHION . . . VOGUE . . . CHARLES MALLERIN . . . HELEN TRAUBEL and many others.

McConnell's Roses grown for the Canadian climate yield a profusion of lovely blooms from early summer until late fall . . . vigorous plants which bloom the first year.

Hardy Plants
FOR CANADIAN HOMES
1953
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PORT BURWELL, ONTARIO

Write today for our NEW enlarged 1953 beautifully colored, illustrated catalogue . . . it's FREE!

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The McCONNELL NURSERY CO., LTD.
PORT BURWELL - - - ONTARIO

ON AN ENGLISH FARM

Silkworms Busy For Coronation

by Raymond Hewett

WHEN the Queen is crowned in Westminster Abbey on June 2, she will wear a magnificent velvet robe and a satin gown both made from silk spun by tens of thousands of silkworms at Britain's only silk farm. It was established by Zoe, Lady Hart Dyke nearly 20 years ago at her lovely Kentish home, Lullingstone Castle.

As a child, she was fascinated by silk worms and made up her mind that some day she was going to raise them commercially. Later she wasn't daunted by the fact that earlier English attempts had ended in failure. James I imported from France thousands of mulberry trees, which provide the food of the silk worm. Many were planted on the very spot where Buckingham Palace now stands. But, like so many of James's schemes, this proved a failure. Then early in the 18th century, silkworm breeding did start successfully, only to be killed off by the reduction in import duties on raw silk.

In the 1930's Lady Hart Dyke started her venture and managed, with much advice and practical help from Italian friends, to produce a considerable quantity of silk at Lullingstone. But she had no means of reeling the cocoons and had to send them to Italy for this process to be carried out. This was too costly to make production commercially worthwhile, so she imported a modern reeling machine. Her engineer husband, Sir Oliver Dyke, assembled the machine, although he had never seen one before in his life.

The next problem was to find a staff to operate the machine. This was solved by sending a friend to Italy to learn silk reeling.

Then Lullingstone's new industry received a damaging blow. Six days before spinning time the silkworms began to die mysteriously. One morning they were flourishing. Next night about 400,000 were dead. Italian experts diagnosed the trouble. They said that the worms had been hatched too rapidly and this had weakened them. Then they had contracted some form of poisoning, probably due to their having fed on mulberry leaves sprayed with insecticide.

Such an experience would have been enough to deter almost anyone else. But Lady Hart Dyke persevered until Lullingstone Silk Farm became a going concern. In the Autumn of 1936 the farm was asked to produce 20 pounds of raw silk within a fortnight. The three girls doing the processing agreed that by working two shifts every day of the week, including Sunday, they could meet the deadline. The silk was for the Royal Coronation robes worn by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Later the silk farm supplied the raw silk for the Queen's white satin Coronation dress and for the Coronation robes of the little princesses.

The whole process of silk production, from egg to soft strand of reeled silk can be seen in all its stages at Lullingstone.

"Patience and perseverance turn mulberry leaves into the silken robes of a queen," says an old eastern proverb. The patience and perseverence of Lady Hart Dyke and her staff have translated the proverbial metamorphosis into reality.

For silk from Lullingstone was incorporated in the train of the Queen's wedding dress when she was Princess Elizabeth, and now will provide the silk for the Coronation robes and gown.

Anytime is the right time to serve MARTELL

The finer taste and bouquet of

MARTELL
Cognac BRANDY

may be enjoyed in so many different ways

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM COGNAC, FRANCE

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

20's in PACKAGES
50's in FLAT TINS

BRAIN-TEASER

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

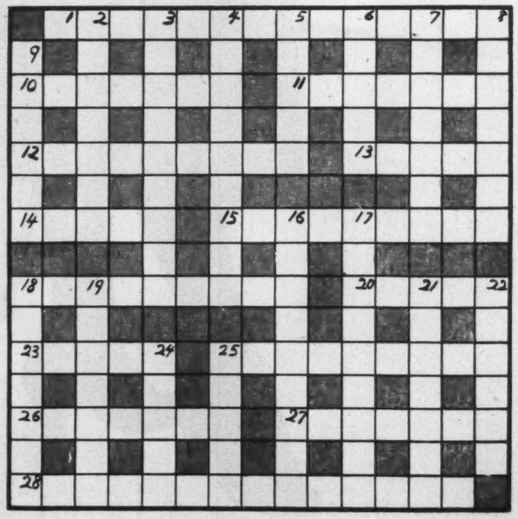
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. From which you pay your electric bill? (7, 7)
10. He seems to make no bones about his act. (7)
11. Not in the team in the field? (7)
12. When 10 stands on his head? (9)
13. The breadth of a narrow escape? (5)
14. They cause a January thaw in the pocket book. (5)
15. Gets away with inserting a small advertisement. (9)
18. A tin medal might be processed thus? (9)
20. It may have been the Royal Engineers' mascot more than once. (5)
23. When I left, the mariner took this name to give him a title. (5)
25. An apprentice of one of these couldn't turn off the water in the concert hall. (9)
26. Fate had made him stupid. (7)
27. Located in a trip through England. (7)
28. Let an evil devil change a saw. (4,3,3,4)

DOWN

2. Rising semi-nude, a French composer is clear from complication. (7)
3 and 9 This dramatic editor may be a boon to advertisers when a change is made in Peterborough. (9, 6)
4. There's a sort of merit in good food. (9)
5. A corn roast couldn't start without it. (5)
6. Just a small 1 across? Tch! it's in order. (5)
7. Fun? I die over it! (7)
8. What one does on forbidden ground when pa's not there? (7)
9. See 3.
16. Its trunk may become your chest. (5, 4)
17. The motion of Tennyson's brook? (9)
18. According to Irving Stone, Van Gogh was for life. (7)
19. But he doesn't mix vodka in his cocktail. (7)
21. He made a play suggestive of the situation of Housman's "Loveliest of Trees". (7)
22. What is Siva doing with the little editor in 9? (6)
24. Acne's upset the operatic diva's big moment! (5)
25. Lop it, and it'll certainly be unbalanced (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Balmoral
5. Attack
10. Avalanche
11. Edson
12. King
13. Beadle
14. Rum
16. Germany
17. Mudlark
18. Ant heap
21. Feather 23. Sex
24. Edicts 25. Anne
28. Occur 29. Closeness
30 Embers 31. Carousel

DOWN

1 and 20. Black Prince
2. Learner
3. Opal
4. Archery
6. The Red Dean
7. Austria
8. King-maker
9. Beldam
15. Mace bearer
16. Gladstone
19. Taxicab
20. See 1 down
21 and 12. Fit for a King
22. Hinders
26. Easel
27. Nero

(250)

FOOD

Lenten Suggestions

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

Back in 16th century London Town, during the Forty Days of Abstinence, the mistress of an inn and four lady friends were caught enjoying a fine meal of forbidden meats. In addition to this crime against Church and State, the landlady had on hand a quantity of raw and cooked meats. No doubt some spiteful neighbor sniffed the tantalizing aroma of meat roasting slowly on a spit and informed the authorities. The culprits spent a night in the stocks, a most uncomfortable punishment for such a pleasant crime.

The Lenten Laws were no joke to British citizens right into the eighteenth century, although the government had difficulty enforcing them. This no-meat edict, besides salving the religious conscience, also helped the fish industry, an important economic factor. Since eggs were also forbidden under older laws, fish was the diet mainstay; so even the most pious citizen and ardent fish lover became a little soured.

A good Christian today can forgo meat and enjoy a varied diet, so much so that it hardly seems fair to call it a sacrifice. Too bad the mistress of the inn hadn't dreamed up Halibut Victoria or something similar, named it after the reigning monarch, and so avoided that unhappy night in the stocks.

Halibut Victoria

Place 2 lbs. fillets of halibut in a large skillet, cover with boiling water. Add 2 teaspoons vinegar and 1 teas. salt, cover and simmer 5-7 minutes or until barely tender. Remove fish drained, to a buttered 12 x 8 x 2 inch bake dish.

For the *Sauce:* Melt ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup flour and blend. Stir in 1 cup cream and 1½ cups milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened and smooth. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teas. monosodium glutamate, 1 can mushroom pieces (drained), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, and 1 tablespoon sherry. Stir a little of the sauce into two slightly beaten egg yolks; return the mixture to the saucepan and stir over low heat for one minute. Add ½ pound cooked shrimp and pour over fish, then sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) until bubbly and lightly browned, about 10 minutes. This recipe serves six.

Fillets en Goujon

Fried fillets en Goujon or *à la mode de Goujons* is an easy dish if you possess an electric deep fryer. A wonderful idea for a large party, especially if some male has a flair for food and wears a chef's hat well. The name *goujon* refers to a fish, native of France usually sold by outdoor fried-food stands. It is fresh-caught and served from river to mouth via the hot fat pan. But any white fleshed fish fillets will do. Cut them in strips the size of the small finger, dry well and roll in flour. Dip in egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water, then in fine dry bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat at 370° until golden brown. Drain on paper towels. Serve hot with tartare sauce and crisp French fries.

BEAUTY

March Days Ahead

by Beatrice Seymour

Why not emulate Shakespeare's daring daffodils and "take the winds of March with Beauty?" If your particular "Winter's Tale" is one of drying skin due to overheated rooms, insufficient humidity or the whip of drying winds outdoors, your remedy is lubrication. Oil is just as necessary for you in these dehydrating conditions as it was for Cleopatra against the parching Egyptian heat and sand-laden winds.

Your face, your hands, your whole body, will be grateful for a soothing rubdown with oil. Duplicate baby's oil bath technique to achieve skin softness. Use a good oil after your bath, while the pores are receptive, and the lubricant will vanish quickly.

Here's a tip from an actor's make-up kit, to help a March-dry complexion. Many stage folk use a light oil, rather than a cream, to remove grease paint and rouge. This trick also works wonders for a mimosa-sensitive skin. Soak absorbent cotton pads in oil and gently coax off cosmetics. Be very careful around eye areas. The skin is thinner and less elastic in this region, so undue stretching or pressure, encourages sagginess and tiny etch-lines.

Apropos of cosmetic removal, Coty's has a magic remover to whisk off make-up and supple the skin. Their "Instant Cleanser" is homogenized and snow-white, created to float off cosmetics and city soot, in no time at all. The convenient plastic squeeze bottle is also a boon to travellers.

Your eyes require more than ordinary care in March. This is the season of high winds, of eye-irritating dust, both of which take an unlovely toll.

This is where your eye bath takes over. Parisiennes make a cult of the eye-bath, morning, night and in-between-times, to sooth, refresh and beautify their expressive eyes. But be sure you use a reliable eye-lotion. Sensitive eyes take more kindly to a tepid eye-bath than to an icy cold one; there is less shock, if lotion is the same temperature as the body.

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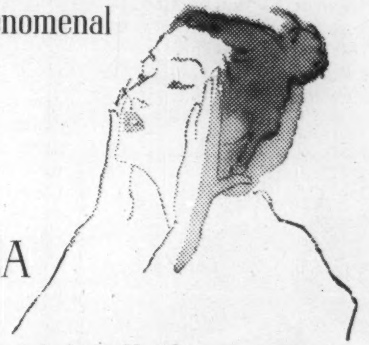

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Television

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

dian it may be; that wants to be entertained and not improved, if nobody minds.

So what is happening, in Toronto at least, where we find the greatest concentration of TV sets in Canada? There are at this time somewhat more than 130,000 such sets in the Toronto area, and it is estimated by those who should know (the set manufacturers) that there will be about 250,000 in a year or so. And CBLT has been operating since September, 1952, so it now has five months' experience, and the TV viewers have had five months' experience of it. Then let us look at the figures on TV viewing in the Toronto district, as prepared by those tireless surveyors of radio and TV audiences, the Elliott-Haynes people.

In September, CBLT opened with a flourish, and no doubt most set owners took a look out of curiosity. Prior to September all sets were, of course, tuned to Buffalo (WBEN) which for practical purposes puts as good a signal into Toronto as does the CBC-TV station. Well, in September, CBLT did very well; it got 36% of the audience, and Buffalo or some other more distant U.S. station got the rest. One might have expected matters to improve in October, as the CBC producers and engineers became more competent in the new art, and for all I know the programs *were* better. But the viewing public didn't think so, and the October figure is 22.2 per cent of audience for CBLT, 77.8 per cent for WBEN. November picked up, CBC got a splendid 25.9 of the audience, and Buffalo the rest. December came back almost to October's figures, 22.9 for CBC, 77.1 for Buffalo. January, the latest figure available, also is the lowest for CBC, with 21.5 per cent against WBEN's 78.5 per cent.

Thus, such Canadians as have a choice prefer U.S. television, commercialism and all, to Canadian, cultural though it may be, and they prefer it by a ratio of about 4 to 1. It is of course regrettable that Canadian tastes are so low, and clearly something should be done about it. But what? Somebody should really have told the Massey Commission about the so simple business of tuning out the program that you don't like, and tuning in the one that you do.

The net result of all this is that CBC has a monopoly alright, but only in the sense that it excludes *Canadian* competition; in the meantime it is giving a very real monopoly of a Canadian audience to the TV stations of Buffalo and nearby U.S.

When we turn to a breakdown of Canadian listening habits, we are not much encouraged. Culture still seems to be running a poor last. The top CBLT program (audience-wise, naturally) is NHL Hockey on Saturday nights, which is the only Canadian program that manages to get about 50% of the sets tuned in. It is of course a Canadian program, but hardly a cultural one. We find that a U.S. film, entitled "Victory at Sea" was shown by CBC and got a fair 20% of those viewing; that was on Sunday night at 7:30, a high listening hour. The film may be culture, but certainly not Canadian.

At the absolutely peak listening hour, on Sunday night at 9:00 p.m., a confection called quite appropriately "Sunday Evening" got an audience of a little less than 11% while WBEN with "TV Playhouse" was getting 80.8% of the Toronto audience. And so it goes; the cultural nadir would seem to be on Sunday evening at 7:00, when with 65.5% of all sets tuned in, CBLT managed to attract an audience of 7.3%, against Buffalo's 85.1. Soon there will be another TV station in Buffalo, carrying Canadian advertisers and catering to Toronto and district, and one shudders to think what may happen to CBC's audience then.

At least I know how one member of the proletariat thinks about it; a few days ago I arrived in Toronto's Union Station early in the morning and took a taxi home; my driver was loquacious, and started to tell me about his new TV set. Merely to be polite, I asked him what programs he preferred, and he said, "Well, we generally look at Buffalo, the CBC programs are a little too high-toned for us." I didn't comment (I hadn't slept well on the train, and was still tired), but my jehu went on to say that soon there would be another station in Buffalo and then he and his wife would be able to get *all* CBS and NBC programs, and it wouldn't be necessary to look at CBLT at all. He could speak only for himself (or possibly for his wife also) but the point is that there are more taxi-drivers (and people minded as they are) than there are college professors. And it would seem that most of the taxi-drivers and their friends have TV sets, whereas most of the college professors and their friends prefer a good book.

That brings us to the nub of the problem. TV is mass entertainment, and is for the mass, and if, as all surveys show, the mass of the people prefer commercial radio and TV then in my view that it is what they are entitled to. After all, the old saying about the man who pays the piper calling the tune still makes sense. Somebody has to pay for CBC television, and if it is to be supported as at present out of general public funds those who contribute such funds have a perfect right to say that they'd like to keep their money and do without it, relying on the kind of TV which they can get, and are getting from Buffalo for instance, for nothing; no license fee, no taxes, just the slight pain of the commercial which they seem not to mind.

The cultured will always be in the minority; as an English educator said very recently, "The evidence of newspapers, advertisements, cinema queues, radio, the near pornography of the bookstalls, the so-called comics, and the recreations preferred by the majority prove that education, however well intentioned, can produce standards of taste and good judgment in only a minority." But what right has that cultural minority to insist that a mass medium should be fashioned to *its* taste? What right has such a minority to ask that the majority (and as it happens a vast majority) should support a mass medium for its occasional pleasure?

And what, one may ask, is culture as the word is properly applied to any mass medium?

One recalls Kipling's lines: "The Devil whispered behind the leaves, it's pretty, but is it art?", but Kipling himself was for years derided by the cultured as cheap and meretricious, though lately he has been taken up by (of all people) T. S. Eliot, and may turn out to be an artist after all. Whatever culture may be, any mass medium can use only so much of it, and in such form as its audience will accept. Everything that is of our people, close to them and understood by them, is *their* culture. Hockey, baseball, football, cowboy singers and crooners, jazz bands and old time fiddlers; all that is close to earth, and brings a smile or a tear or a thrill to the humble and the little educated is the art that is for them and that should be given them.

I come back to about where I started, the Report of the Massey Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences. It is significant that the only business man on the Commission was Mr. Arthur Surveyor, and he alone dissented from the report of the majority on the subjects of radio and television. He, a little removed from collegiate ivory towers, brought in a minority report which largely reflects the recommendations of the people who are actually in the radio business, and who know what that business is about and to whom it must cater. He alone appreciated that the private stations' first duty is to get into black figures, and that in order to do so they must get audience—as otherwise they can't get advertisers. And thus, not particularly from choice but from economic necessity, they must give the people what the people want.

So one asks, why can't we have privately operated TV stations, in Toronto, in Montreal, and in every centre in Canada where entrepreneurs can be found willing to risk capital in such a venture? Clearly the people, the mass of the people, the ones who pay the taxes and have a right to be heard, would like it so, and would like private stations to be licensed not one, two or three years hence, but now.

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The Deserted Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

cities and supported by the Community Chest, will send one of their workers to a home with children when the mother is ill, or, in exceptional cases, when she has run away. They charge a fee for this service which depends on the man's ability to pay.

Getting a divorce from an errant wife and then remarrying is one solution, yet this isn't always desirable or easy to accomplish. Unless there's evidence of adultery it is impossible to obtain a divorce, and the cost of such an action is often too much for the man who has to support a growing family. There's also the danger that the man may marry again for convenience rather than love, and the new wife will find that she has assumed the role of an unpaid housekeeper and nurse for her husband and stepchildren.

Many common law unions, especially between the father and his housekeeper, may be blamed on the aftermath of desertion. Such relationships, usually involving young girls, are discouraged as much as possible by the authorities, and by society as a whole. Yet some of them prove to be far more satisfactory to both the husband *and* the children than the legal marriage they supplant.

THE deserting wife isn't always the villain of the piece, however. It is the opinion of most social workers that many of the women who desert their families do so because it is the only alternative to a life of misery for their children as well as themselves. Helen Carscallen of the Toronto Children's Aid and Infant's Home says, "We have cases before us where, judging by externals only, the woman has been palpably guilty of deserting her children. We've found, however, upon a thorough investigation, that the circumstances made the woman's desertion almost a necessity, and that she was forced to leave the children behind. These women have a terrific love for their children, and when they leave they do so reluctantly, and as a last resort."

According to Family Court officials, about thirty per cent of the deserting wives who appear before them return home to their families after an absence of one week to six months. Most of the women who run away do so on the spur of the moment to show their independence, and there is no intention on their part of making their desertion a permanent one.

The methods advocated for reducing desertions in this country include heavier penalties for husbands *and* wives, a tightening up of interprovincial laws to apprehend deserters, a slowing down of the present day rate of living, a reduction of alcoholism, a return to moral and religious laws, lessening of the housing shortage, and widespread education among young people contemplating marriage.

If her heart is set on leaving him, there's little that can be done by a husband to keep his wife at home. But let's not allow the flighty wife to desert her family without any punishment at all. My suggestion is that she be forced to pay maintenance for the housekeeper's salary and the care of the children, which would make such women think twice before running away.

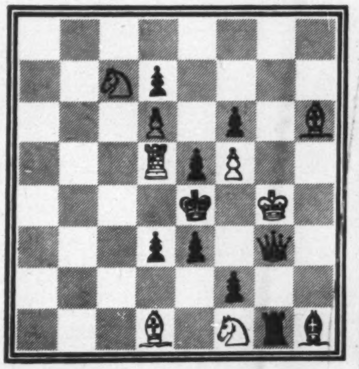
This may result in fewer female movie stars and itinerant women evangelists, but it would even things up a bit. For it's not always the woman who pays, but often the man—in fact, as the law stands now the deserting wife doesn't have to pay at all. Chivalry has gone far enough!

Chess Problem

by "Centaur"

BROADLY the two-move chess problem stands in one of two distinct classes, according to the nature of the key-move, the "threat" and "waiting move" types. In the first class the key-move develops a threatened mate, defences against which permit other mates accordingly. After the key-move in a waiting move problem no mate is threatened, but a mate is provided for each and every move by the defence. The position then is known as a "block" one.

The positions both before and after the key-move is made may be blocks, and in such cases we have complete block problems. The key-move in a complete block problem may be a pure waiting move, additional mates may arise, or there may be one or more change-mates, switching from the set and expected mates. Problems of this last group are known as mutates. They won world-wide popularity between the two world wars.



Problem No. 2, by L. S. Penrose.

Black—Nine Pieces.

White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Our No. 2 is a clever mutate, with Grimshaw mutual interference of black Rook and Bishop.

Solution of Problem No. 1

Key-move 1.Q-B4, waiting.

If P-QKt3 or QxQ; 2.Kt-Q6 mate. If P-QKt4; 2.Q-B1 mate. If P-Q3; 2.Q-K6 mate. If P-Q4 or RxQ; 2.R-K5 mate. If P-KKt3; 2.KtxRP mate. If P-KKt4; 2.Kt-K7 mate. If R-Q4; 2.QxR mate.

Above embraces the six Magee pawn theme variations. R-Kt4 is another black Queen interference, with again 2.Q-B1 mate. The position after the key-move is, of course, a "block" one.

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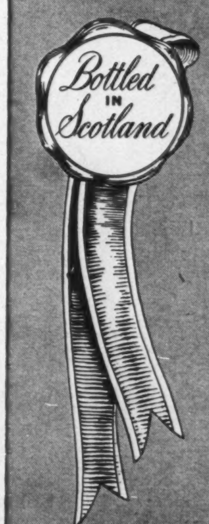

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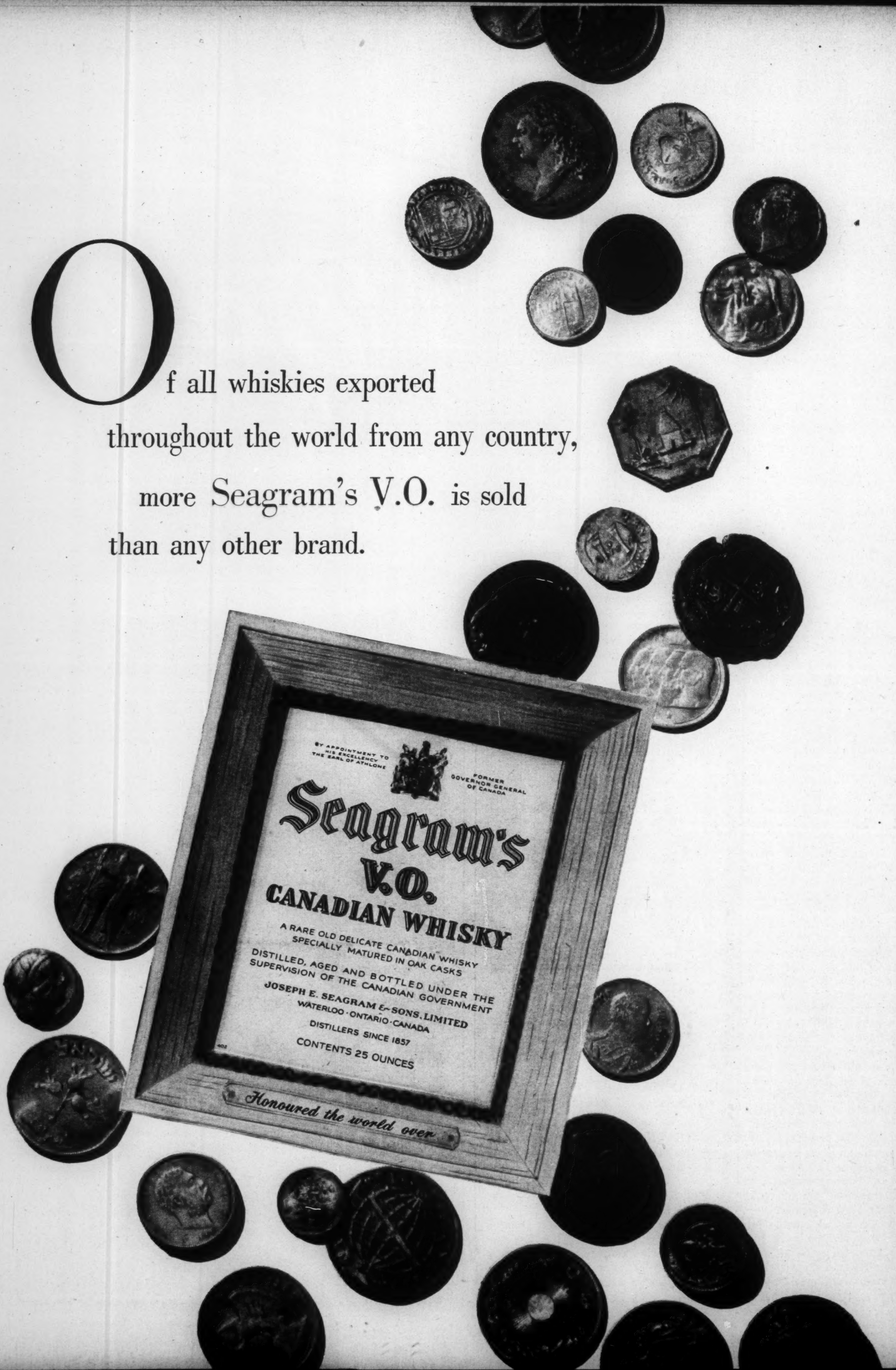

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